

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

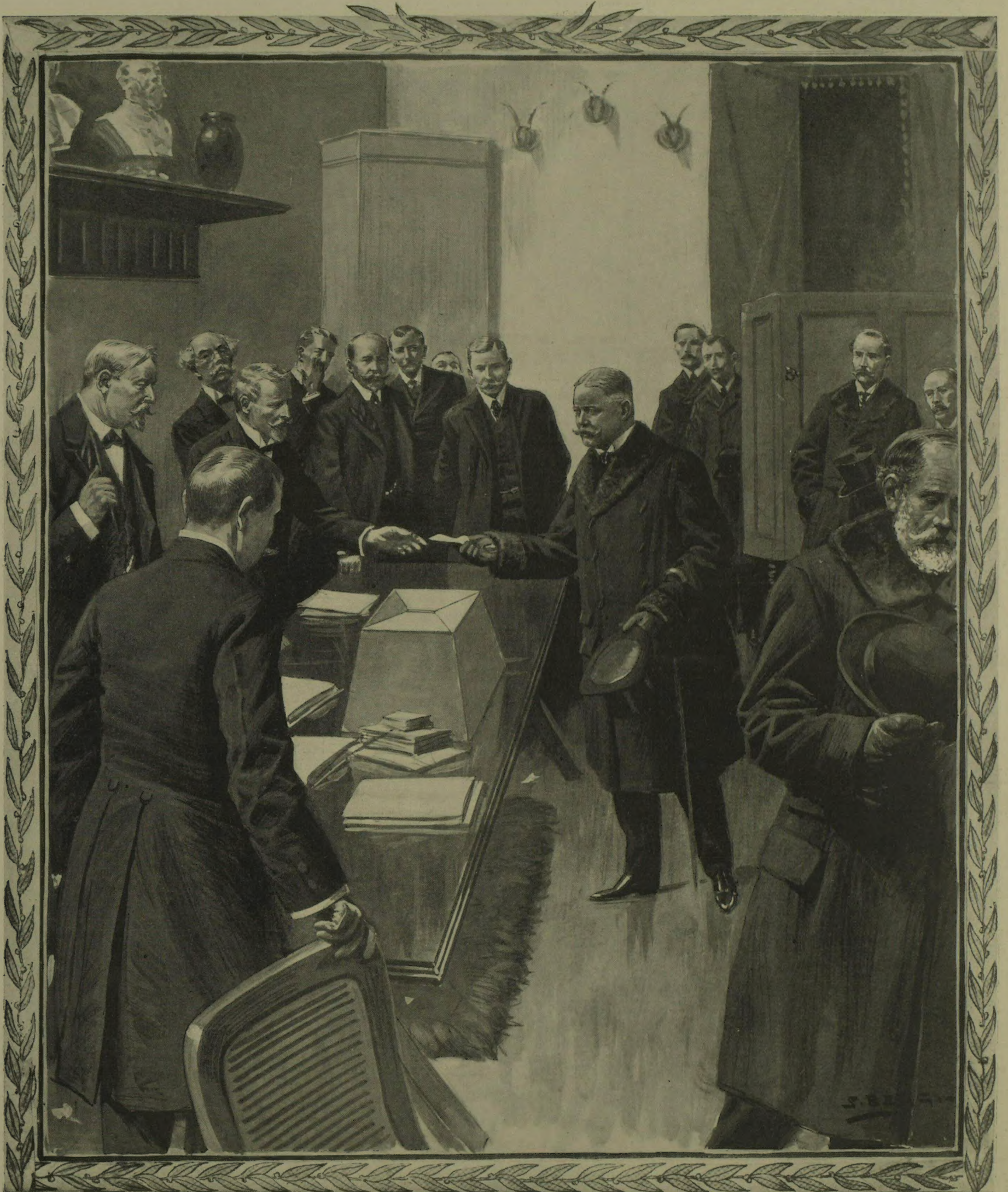
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1907.

SIXPENCE.

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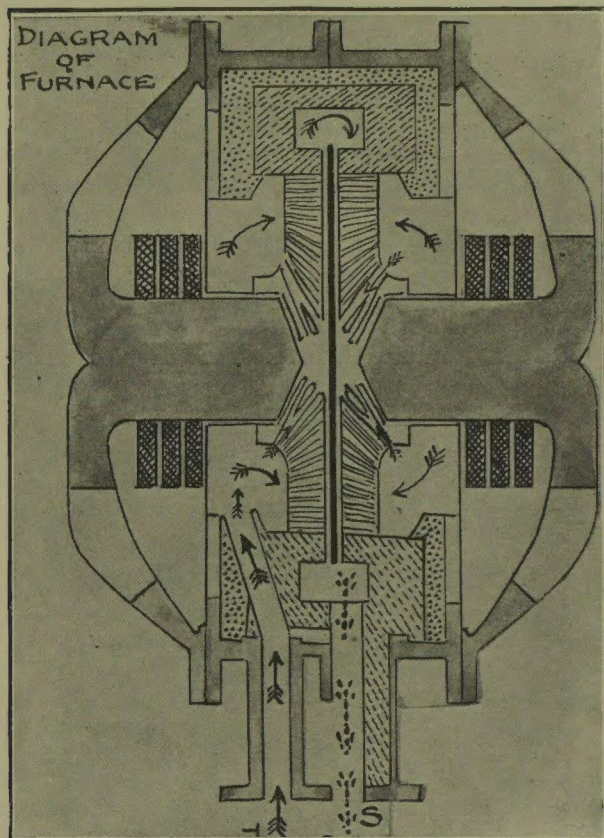
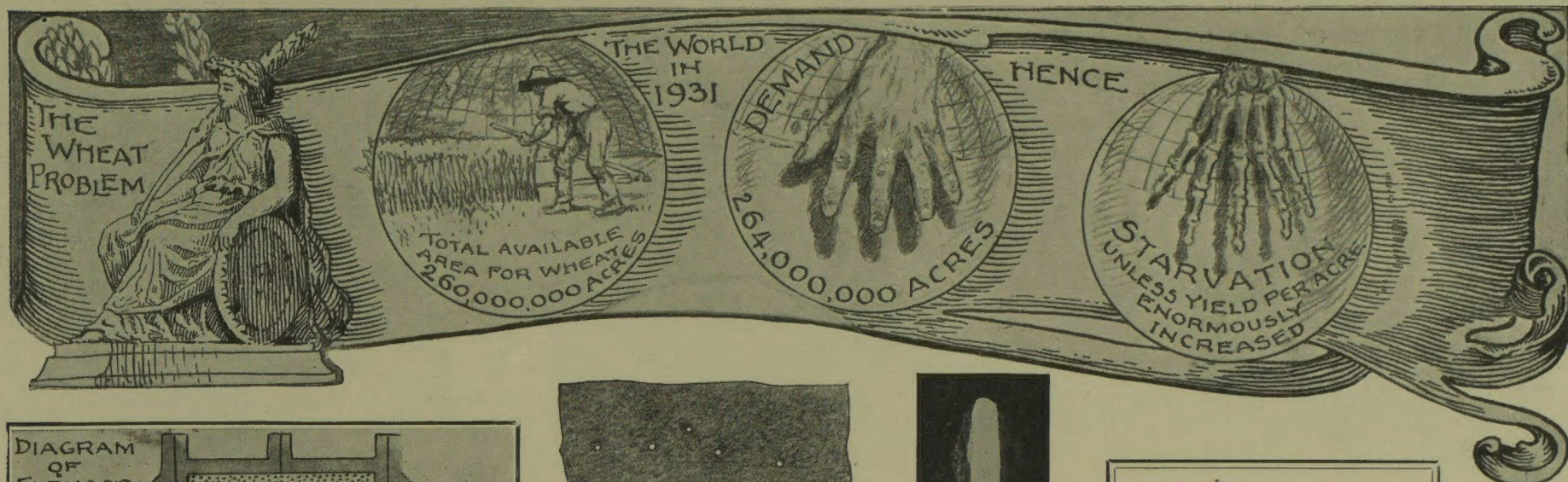
"EVERYBODY IN HIS TURN": THE GERMAN IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR VOTING WITH OTHER CITIZENS AT THE ELECTIONS.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH BY E. ABBO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN BERLIN.

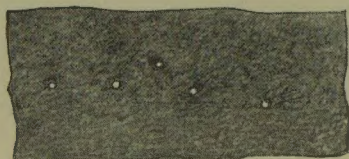
Prince von Bülow voted at the polling station of his district, the Ministerial precinct. The booth was erected in a small restaurant in the Jaeger Strasse. As the Chancellor alighted from his carriage he was surrounded by agents, who offered him bills, crying, "Vote for Kaempf [Radical], Herr Reichskanzler," and "Vote for Arons [Socialist]." Inside the polling station other electors wished to give way to the Chancellor, but he declined, saying, "Everybody in his turn." The Conservative bureaucrats reduced their own party vote to defeat Dr. Arons, and they succeeded. The system of voting by ballot in Germany is primitive and clumsy. There is only one secret compartment in the polling station, and a great deal of time is wasted while electors wait to go behind the curtain in turn.

TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM STARVATION: NITRATE FROM THE AIR.

DIAGRAMS BY A. HUGH FISHER, FROM DESCRIPTIONS IN THE "ELECTRICIAN" AND OTHER SOURCES.

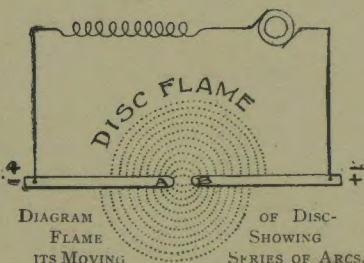


THE BIRKELAND-EYDE ELECTRIC FURNACE FOR EXTRACTING NITROGEN FROM THE ATMOSPHERE.



A PIECE OF TISSUE PAPER INSERTED QUICKLY IN THE FLAME AND PIERCED BY THE ARCS.

THE black line in the furnace diagram is the electric disc-flame which separates the nitrogen from the air. Air is blown into the furnace in the direction of the arrows. After issuing at S, the nitric oxide gas passes into the stone towers, to be converted into nitric acid. This is finally led into vats containing limestone to produce nitrate of lime.



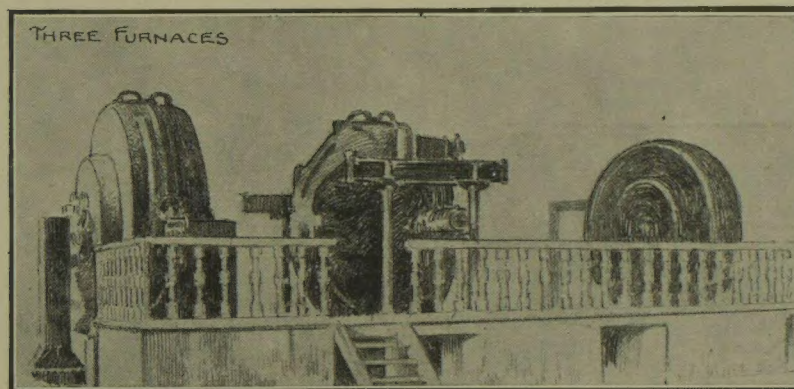
A and B are water-cooled electrodes made of copper tubing of 15 millimetres diameter. The working potential used for this is 5000 volts.



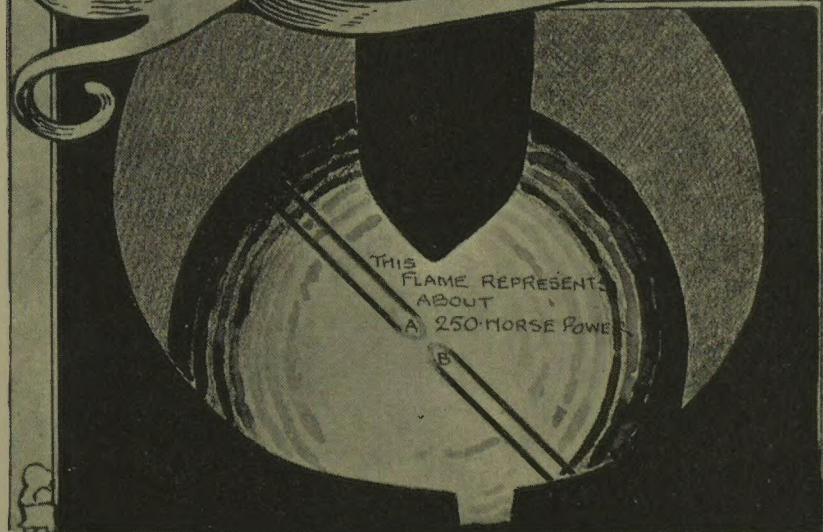
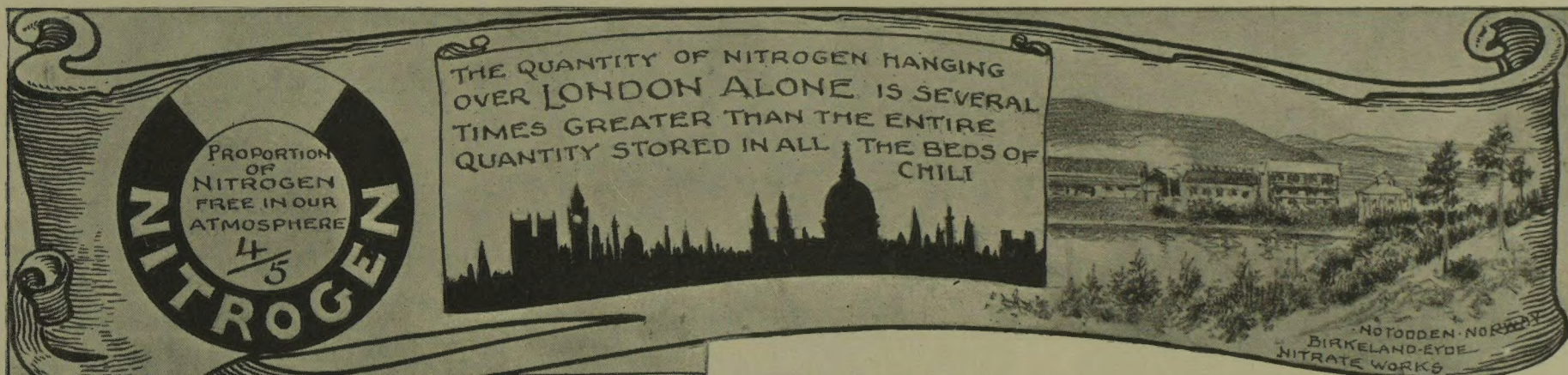
THE DISC-FLAME SEEN PARALLEL TO THE ELECTRODES.

HOW THE NITROGEN OF THE AIR IS SET FREE TO MAKE NITRATES FOR AGRICULTURE.

IN 1892 Sir William Crookes, whose careful estimate of the possibly available wheat-fields we quote in a diagram, and almost at the same time Lord Rayleigh, experimentally produced nitric acid by oxydising the nitrogen of the air by electricity. Following upon these and other experiments, in 1903 Professor Christian Birkeland and Mr. Samuel Eyde became associated in developing the electric furnace here illustrated.

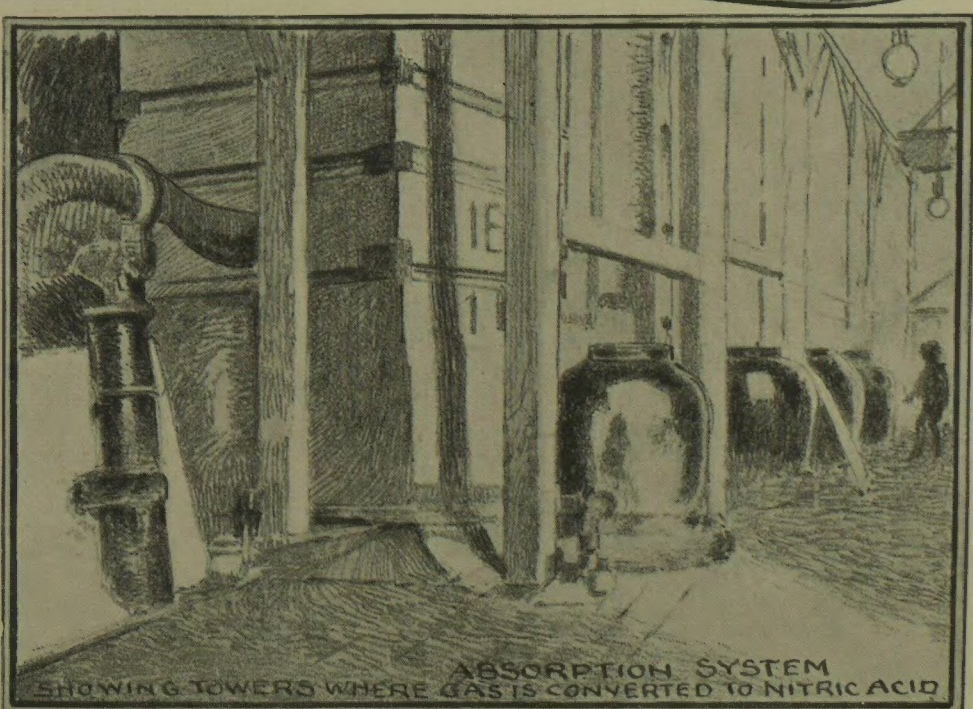


THREE FURNACES FOR PRODUCING NITRATE FROM THE AIR.



THE FLAME THAT SETS FREE THE NITROGEN IN THE AIR.

This electric disc-flame is formed by placing two copper electrodes, A and B (attached to a high-tension alternator), equatorially between the poles of a powerful electro-magnet. The arc is made to change its position continually, for otherwise there would be a loss of nitrogen set free, if it were to come into contact with the heat of the flame. Hence the necessity for the moving series of arcs shown in the small diagram above.



THE ABSORPTION SYSTEM, SHOWING TOWERS WHERE GAS IS CONVERTED INTO NITRIC ACID.

Professor Birkeland and Mr. Eyde began regular operations in May 1905 at Notodden, near Christiania, for the manufacture of nitrate of lime with nitric acid obtained by their furnace. The whole output of the first factory was readily absorbed, and new works are being erected, and powers have been obtained for the utilisation of some very large waterfalls, including the Rjukanfos in Telemarken. Nitrate is a great fertilising agent, and to this agriculturists look to save the land from exhaustion.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

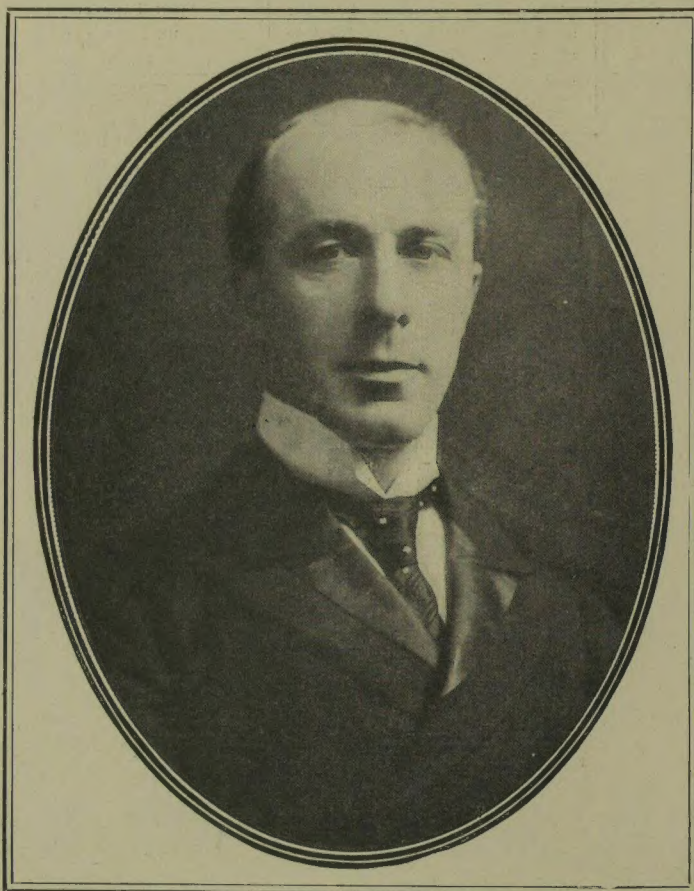
I SUPPOSE that most thinking people will agree that America is, for good or evil, leading us in our gradual return to barbarism. This return to barbarism is not necessarily in itself an entirely bad thing. Barbarism may refresh us like sleep; it may give us ultimately an ancestral and original vigour; it may give the modern world a new pleasure in plain and obvious things; it may even at last give the modern world its first glimpses of a clear intellectual philosophy. In any case, such a return to simplicity is extremely probable. The other day I was going along a road very fast in another man's motor-car and another man's fur coat (in which envelopes I received a public respect to which I am quite unaccustomed), when the man sitting next to me said, with a sudden accent of sincere speculation, "I wonder what kind of vehicle will be passing along this road four hundred years hence." Then he was silent for a moment, and then said, "I bet on flying-machines." I said, with equal simplicity and equal conviction, "I bet on ox-wagons." We quite understood each other, and made no further remark or explanation. But we silently pledged ourselves that if we should find the thing to be in any way feasible, we would return to that spot in four hundred years and see which of us was right.

But whether barbarism be good or bad, whether barbarism be near or distant, at least it will be admitted that it is the United States of America that are especially and primarily leading us towards this beautiful but doubtful goal. Almost every trait which is specially and solely characteristic of America is a savage trait. America was the last of the great Christian nations to keep slaves. America is almost the only one of the great Christian nations in which one can still find primitive private war; shootings and stabbings not under the rules of military service, and not even under the dignity and etiquette of the duel; mere private killing as it might have been among the cave-men. America is the one place in the modern world which has returned to the hearty old human custom of burning a man alive in public. America is the one place in the modern world in which there is a mere race-war, a war uncomplicated by any question of religion, undignified by any principle of patriotism, a mere brutal war of breed against breed, of black against white. The point is not merely that a negro is killed savagely in America. A Protestant was killed savagely in Spain and a Catholic in England. But in these religious persecutions the principle of division was a philosophical principle, and was at least the result of thought and laborious mental distinctions. But the negro is not only killed in a savage way: he is killed for a savage reason. His holocaust is a mere orgie of taste, or, rather, of distaste. Men burnt a heretic as they burnt a book: because they disagreed with him. But men burn a negro as they burn an old hat; because they dislike the physical notion of his having anything to do with them. Doubtless this primitive action of the nerves is a very human and real thing; but it is not civilisation, it is nature. Dislike is, perhaps, a stronger thing even than hatred.

But these gloomy instances of the great American savagery are, after all, not quite fair to America. Barbarism has its brighter side, and, consequently, so has America. In the most pleasant and trivial aspects of literature and journalism this hopeful retrogression can be traced. It may be personal to say that the faces of Americans are growing more and more like the long equine faces of American Red Indians. It may be considered fantastic to say (though I say it with the most solid sincerity) that the excessive importance of illustrated papers and magazines is a mere return to the picture-writing of Red Indian savages. We need not insist on anything so extreme; it is enough for us if we

perceive clearly that American methods take us back, at least, to the Dark Ages.

Here is one casual but characteristic instance. Everybody who has ever read any of the very rude mediæval romances, especially the books of jests, will have noticed one odd custom. He will notice that the man who has to give the title to a story invariably tells the story in the title. If he has to set forth an anecdote of which the whole soul and only point is that an Abbot went to the wrong house and was mistaken for a thief, he writes as a title at the very top of the whole story, "How an Abbot took himself unto the Wrong House, and how Men took him for a Thief." I



Photo, Elliott and Fry.

THE NEW MINISTER OF EDUCATION:
MR. R. M'KENNA, M.P.

remember one comic mediæval story the title of which ran "Of the Priest that would neither say Corpus Meus nor Corpum Meum." This affects my somewhat savage mind as a very good joke. But you will observe that the reader captures and exhausts whatever joke there is in the story before he gets to the story at all.

Now the other day I opened an important magazine of American origin and very American methods—breathless in rapidity, brazen in advertisement, with everything in it (if I may use the most fatuous phrase of modern English) up-to-date. I found that the stories in this American magazine had exactly copied this barbaric method of the stories of the Dark Ages. The titles of the tales were so explanatory that it was quite unnecessary to read the tales at all. In fact, the American went further than the mediæval jester in his attempt to make the whole thing clear to the meanest capacity. The American story positively had two titles. First came a title that told nearly the whole story; then came an explanatory note or sub-title, which told the story all over again in somewhat greater elaboration. Last came the story itself, which I did not read. Suppose, let us say, that the story was about a man who had lost his whiskers and found them at last on another man (few of the stories had as fine an idea as that), and suppose that this was the whole point of the story. First there would be printed in large letters across the top of the page, "The Man who Stole my

Whiskers." Then underneath that would be a paragraph something like this: "The Story of a Man who Lost his Whiskers—and who eventually Found Them again in the Possession of Another Person." Then would come the story, and you cannot say that the climax of it would strike you like a thunderbolt. The theft of the whiskers would not exactly unnerve you. You would feel at least that strange, indefinable feeling which has become proverbial, the feeling that you had heard the same thing before.

It would commonly be said that America proved its progressive character by the dexterity of its inventions and the rapidity of its communications.

But civilisation is to be tested not so much by the dexterity of inventions as by the worth of what is invented. Many of the instruments of torture in the Tower of London display great dexterity of invention. Civilisation is not to be judged by the rapidity of communication, but by the value of what is communicated. I can send to my next-door neighbour the message—"You are an ass." I have not greatly advanced in civilisation merely because I can send the same intelligent message to a man in Australia. I am not greatly advanced in civilisation if I can send the same message to the Man in the Moon. And there is nothing to prevent thoroughly savage wishes being fulfilled in a highly scientific way. If a large population in the Cannibal Islands requires cold missionary, there is nothing to prevent that viand being sent to them in very convenient tins or by very rapid transit. If Red Indians want scalps it is just as easy (commercially speaking) to deal wholesale in scalps as to deal wholesale in wigs. No doubt there is something that does stand in the way of our dealing wholesale in scalps or human flesh. The thing that stands in the way has been called by many names; in most modern discussions it is called Dogma. It may be called Christianity, civilisation, tradition, decency, anything you like. But whatever it is, it is not American business methods.

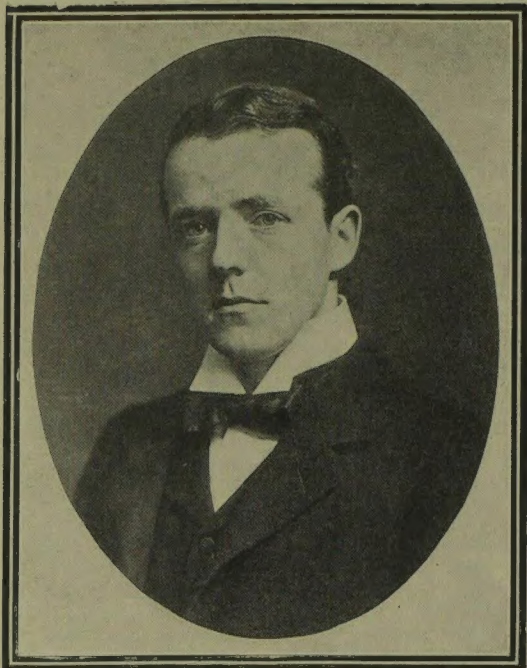
But the American mind loves to send things, and does not mind so much what it is sending. Here is an astonishing example. I quote verbatim: not a word of it should be lost—

The Rev. Mr. Warren was obliged to postpone temporarily the inauguration of the religious exercises which were to have been conducted in front of the Stock Exchange at ten o'clock this morning, having forgotten to obtain the necessary licence from the authorities. Nothing daunted, however, he instituted a system of transmitting prayer into Wall Street by telephone.

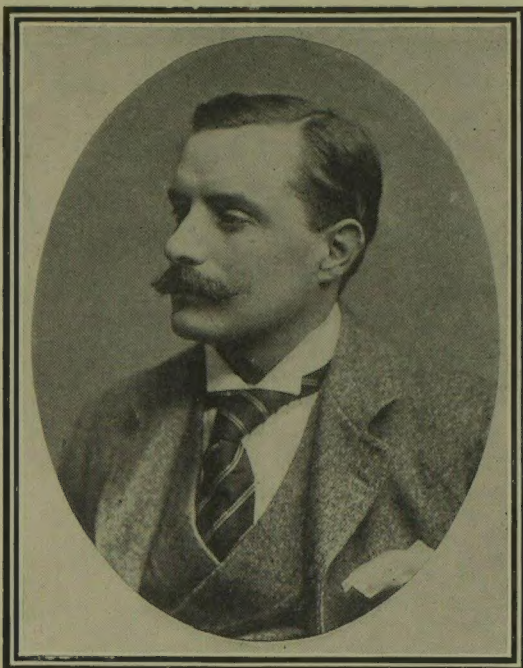
Mrs. Gaylord, who assists Mr. Warren in his religious innovation, had the employes of her Wall Street brokerage offices assembled, and every member of her staff had the telephone-receiver at his ear, while Mr. Warren gave a reading from the Scriptures and prayed into the telephone at his residence up-town.

Here, I suppose, we have the final insanity of the idea that you can send everything by machinery. There is no need that every man should hear Mr. Warren's prayer. Every man can pray by himself, if it comes to that. The only reason why mankind ever instituted a religious service was that it is impressive. These people do it so that it is not impressive, and then congratulate themselves that they have a religious service. It is as if a man said, "I am too tired to take off my hat to a lady; but I will have a kind of clockwork round my head which will keep on taking my hat off all the way down the street while I have my hands in my pockets." Such a man would fail to realise that the act's only value to the lady was that it was a slight trouble to the gentleman.

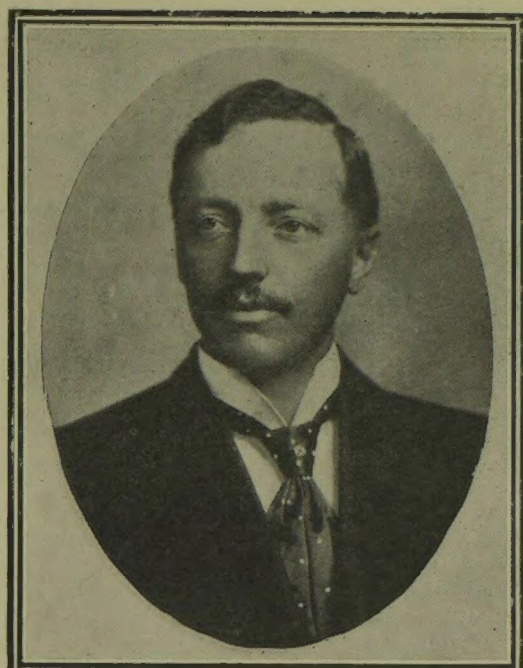
In the same way, the only value of the presence of a man praying is that it is his presence. The mere thing conveyed by clockwork is useless. And this is the criticism on the American theory, that it is proud of conveying useless things by very useful machinery.



MR. WALTER RUNCIMAN, M.P.,
New Financial Secretary to the Treasury.



MR. C. E. LOBHOUSE, M.P.,
New Under-Secretary of State for India.



DR. T. J. MACNAMARA, M.P.,
New Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES: THREE NEW APPOINTMENTS.

Mr. Walter Runciman is M.P. for Dewsbury. He is a Cambridge man and a yachtsman. In the present Government he has been Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board. Mr. Hobhouse, who is a Church Estates Commissioner, is member for East Bristol. He is of Eton and Christ Church. Dr. Macnamara is the great educational authority and member for North Camberwell. None of these changes involves a bye-election.—[PHOTOGRAPHS OF MACNAMARA AND RUNCIMAN BY ELLIOTT AND FRY; HOBHOUSE BY RUSSELL.]



Photo. Topical.

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE'S HARP FOR SALE.

A harp of Grecian design, with a gold body and a fluted pillar surmounted by a crown set with paste amethysts, rubies, and turquoises, has been bought in at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's, who kindly permitted this reproduction. The harp was made for the Empress Josephine.

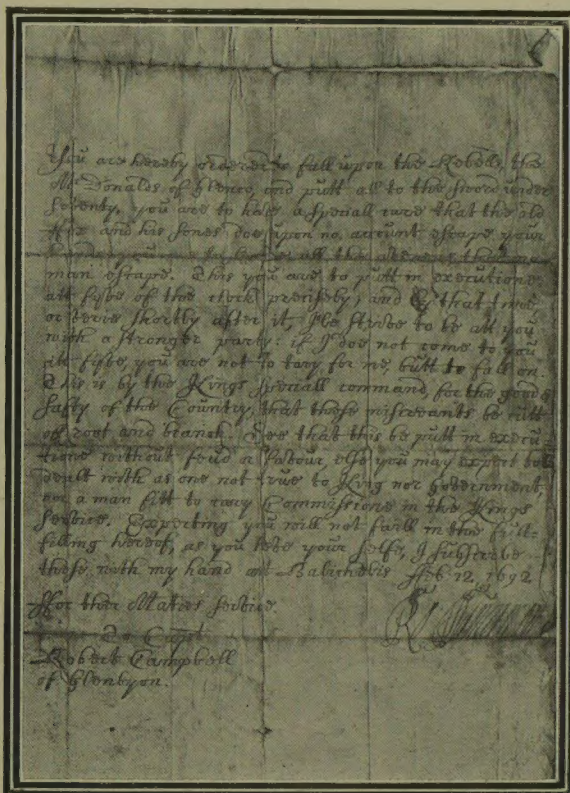


Photo. Topical.

THE ORDER FOR THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

The order, reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, who have it for sale, sent the Macdonalds of Glencoe to their death on February 13, 1692. It was inspired by Dalrymple, the Master of Stair, and remains as one of the blackest records of treachery and inhumanity in our annals.

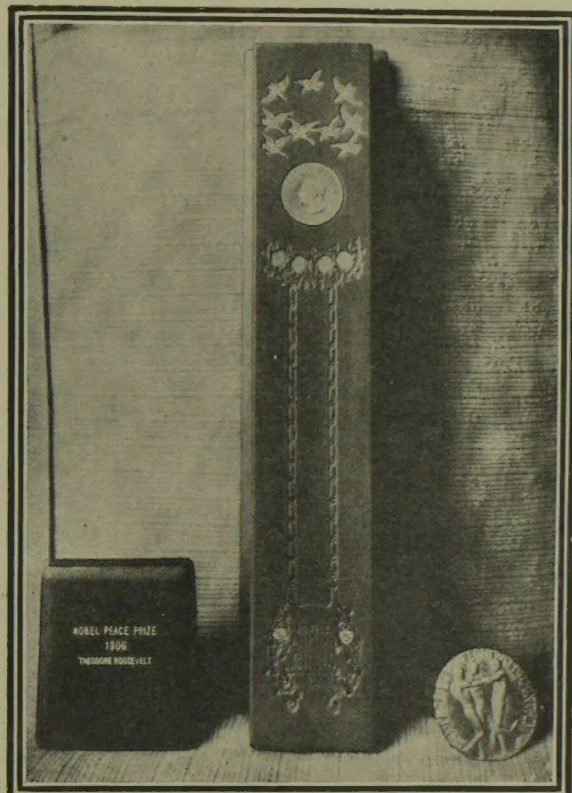


Photo. "Leslie's Weekly."

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S NOBEL PEACE PRIZE.

President Roosevelt, it will be remembered, received last year's Nobel Peace Prize for his services in reconciling Russia with Japan. On the left is the case for the medal; in the centre is the casket for the diploma, and on the right is the medal shown in reverse.

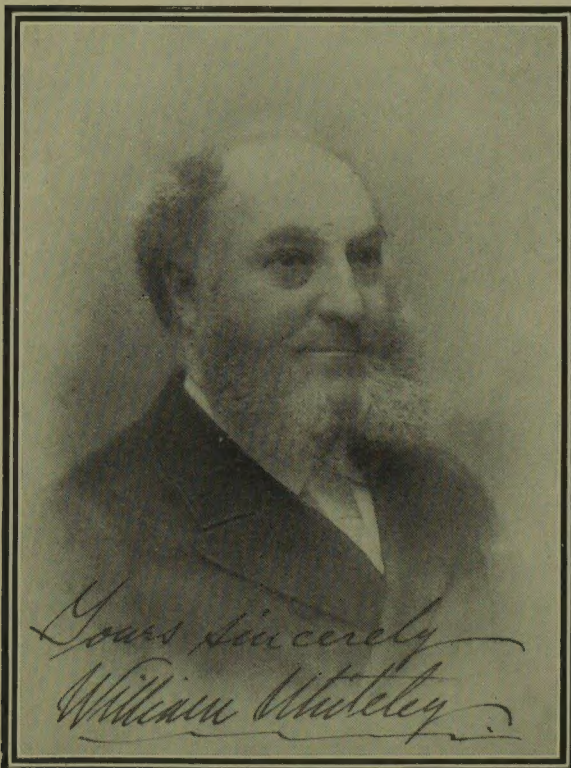


Photo. Whiteley.

THE LATE WILLIAM WHITELEY: MURDERED ON JANUARY 25.

William Whiteley, the Universal Provider, was shot dead in his shop in Westbourne Grove on January 25. His assailant, Horace George Rayner, a young man who said that he was Mr. Whiteley's son, immediately turned his pistol on himself, and it was believed at first that he would die. He seems likely, however, to recover, and will be charged with wilful murder, according to the verdict given at the inquest on January 28.

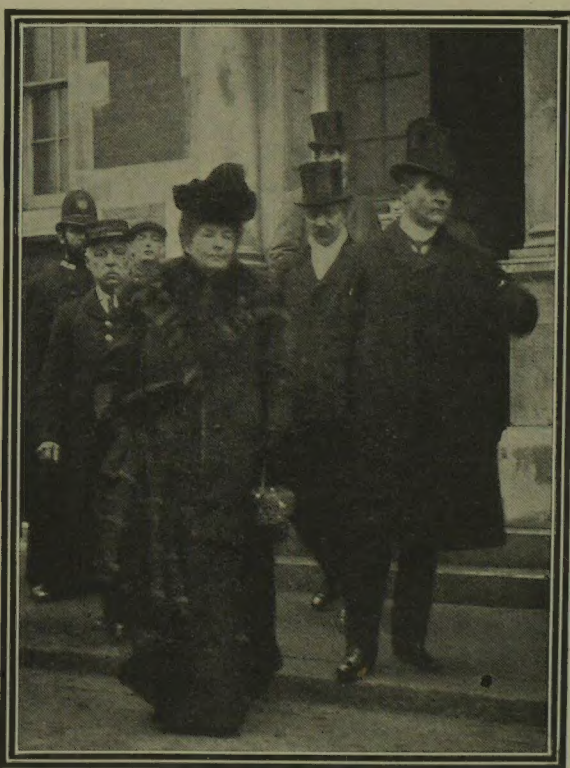


Photo. Halfpence.

AFTER THE INQUEST: MRS. WHITELEY AND MR. FRANK WHITELEY LEAVING THE COURT.

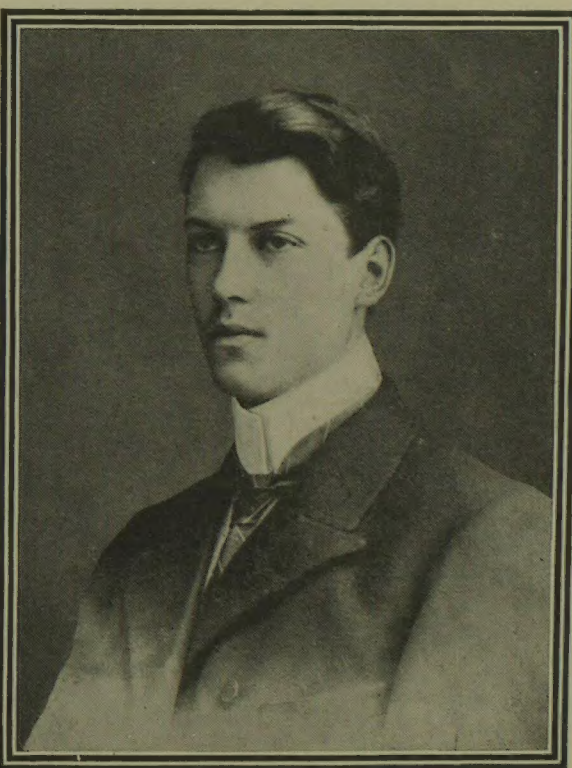


Photo. Illustrations Bureau.

MR. WHITELEY'S ASSAILANT: HORACE GEORGE RAYNER.

PERSONAL NOTES AND PORTRAITS.

SEÑOR MAURA, the new Prime Minister of Spain, has held the same high office before, and is regarded as one of the soundest statesmen of the Conservative party. He comes back to office because the Liberal party has failed to satisfy the country with its attitude towards

the relations between Church and State. The Spanish people are not prepared to throw over the rule of the Vatican, and the Marquis de la Vega Armijo found that only the most advanced group of Liberals would accept the Law of Associations.

William Ventris Field, Lord Field, died last week at the great age of ninety-four, and with him a very sound Judge passed from the roll of living lawyers. Lord Field

Colonel J. E. Capper, R.E., is to superintend the construction of a fleet of air-ships for the British Army. Colonel Capper commands the Balloon Company of the

On Wednesday of last week, Mr. Joseph Nannetti, M.P., was re-elected as Lord Mayor of Dublin, after members of the Corporation had threatened to wring each other's necks, and had, in general terms, given most convincing evidence of their born gift of

government. Mr. Nannetti has sat for the College Division of Dublin since 1900; he is the son of an Italian modeller, and was educated in the Dublin School of the Christian Brothers. He has been President of the Trade Council of Dublin, and is in his fifty-seventh year.

Lord Shaftesbury has been unanimously elected Lord Mayor of Belfast at a special meeting of the City Corporation. At the same time a

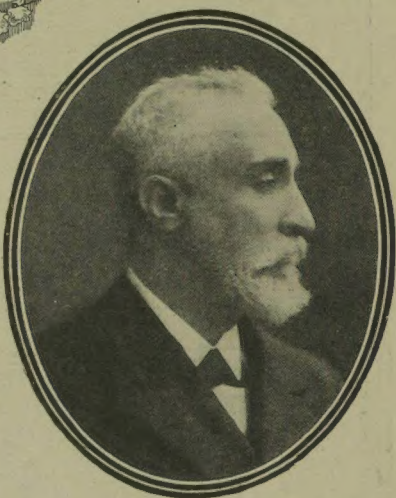


Photo. Topical.
SEÑOR MAURA,
New Spanish Prime Minister.

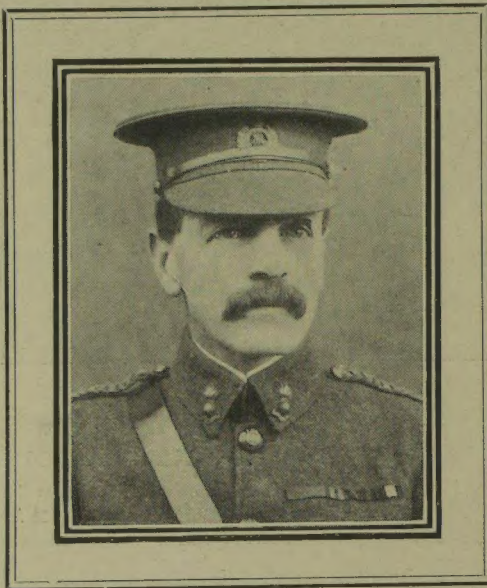


Photo. Knight.
COLONEL J. E. CAPPER, R.E.,
To Superintend Construction of British Air-Ship Fleet.

Royal Engineers at Aldershot. He was educated at Wellington College, and served with distinction in the three Tirah campaigns and in South Africa.

Sir Francis Henry Evans, Bart., K.C.M.G., died last week in London. He started life as a civil engineer, but finding even more scope for his financial talents, he devoted himself to banking in London and America.

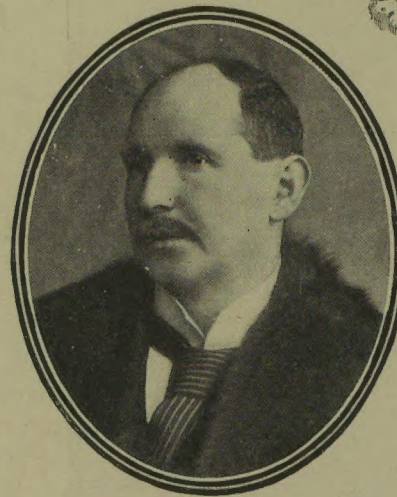


Photo. D'Arcy.
MR. P. J. NANNETTI, M.P.,
New Lord Mayor of Dublin.

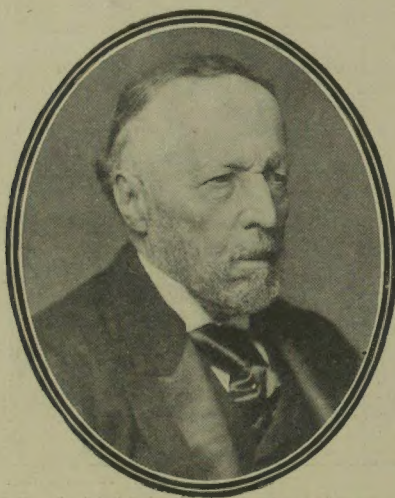


Photo. Bassano.
THE LATE LORD FIELD,
Eminent Judge.

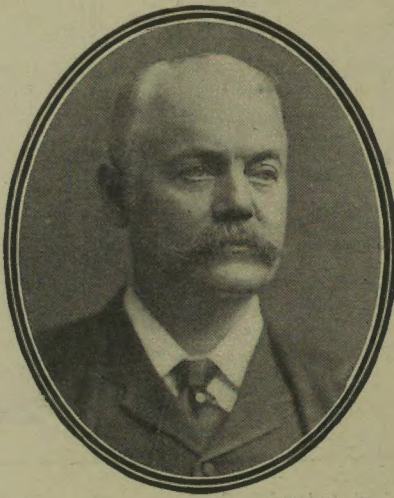


Photo. Russell.
THE LATE SIR FRANCIS EVANS,
Shipping Magnate.

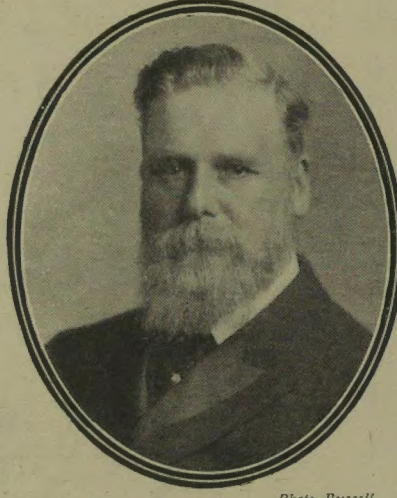


Photo. Russell.
THE LATE MR. ALLAN WYON, F.S.A.,
Formerly Chief Engraver of the Royal Seals.

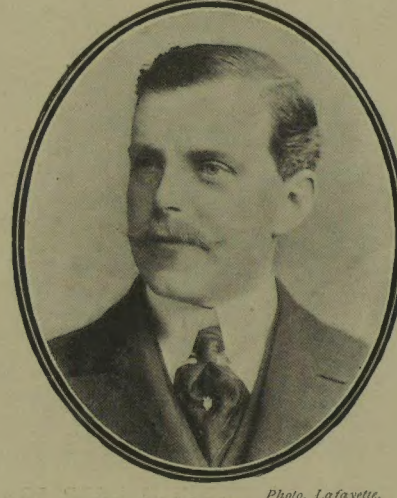


Photo. Lafayette.
THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY,
New Lord Mayor of Belfast.

practised as a solicitor before he went to the Bar, nearly sixty years ago, and when he became a barrister he acquired a very large practice on the Midland Circuit. In 1864 he took silk, was elected a Bencher of the Inner Temple shortly afterwards, and became a Judge in 1875. He retired from the Bench in 1890, and was raised to the Peerage a few weeks later.

Dr. John G. Paton, whose missionary activity in the New Hebrides has lasted for close upon half a century, has died in Australia in his eighty-third year. He was born near Dumfries, and started his life's work under the auspices of the Glasgow City Mission. In 1856 he offered himself for missionary work in the New Hebrides, under the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and he landed on Tanna Island in November 1858. The story of his struggles there has been set out admirably in an autobiography that is second to none in the literature of missions.

The late Rev. George Jacobs Low, D.D., was Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa. He was born in Calcutta, of Scotch and French parentage, and he was educated in England. He spent the greater part of his life in Canada, and was an ardent Imperialist. Canon Low was seventy years of age.

He had large interests in the world of shipping, and was for some time chairman and managing director of the Union Steam-ship Company. When the great amalgamation came with the Castle Line, Sir Francis joined the firm of Donald Currie and Co., and remained a member of it until his death. He represented Newfoundland in the Commission that dealt with the fisheries dispute with France, and was director of the International

motion was passed recording the appreciation of the citizens of the services rendered to Belfast by Sir Daniel Dixon, retiring Lord Mayor. Lord Shaftesbury, who has a seat in Belfast, was born in 1869, and educated at Eton and Sandhurst. He served the Governor of Victoria as aide-de-camp between 1895 and 1898.

Herr Singer, who stood for the Social Democratic party in the forty-one electoral divisions of Berlin, and polled 81,942 votes, is one of the leaders of the party, and shares with Herr Bebel the stress and burden of the fight. He has done very well in his own city, indeed the Social Democrats of Berlin have increased by over thirty thousand since the last election, but he has not been able to convince the rank-and-file of the electorate that Social Democracy has a better programme than Imperialism.

Mr. Allan Wyon, F.S.A., who died at Hampstead last week, was Chief Engraver of her Majesty's Seals from 1884 to 1901, and joint author of a work on the Great Seals of England. Mr. Wyon, who was educated at King's College, was for some time Vice-President of the British Archaeological Association. He executed the Royal Jubilee Medal in 1887, the Darwin Medal for the Royal Society, the Great Seal of Ireland in 1890, and Episcopalian Seals for the Archbishops of Canterbury and York.

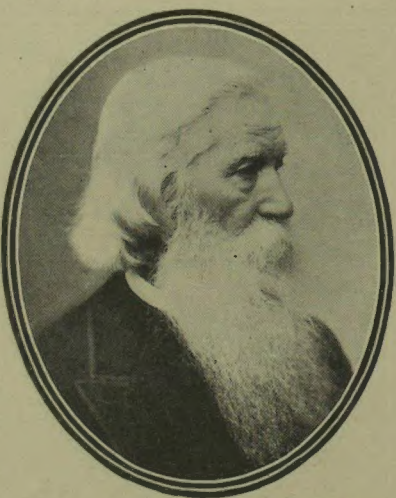


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE DR. J. G. PATON,
Missionary to the New Hebrides.

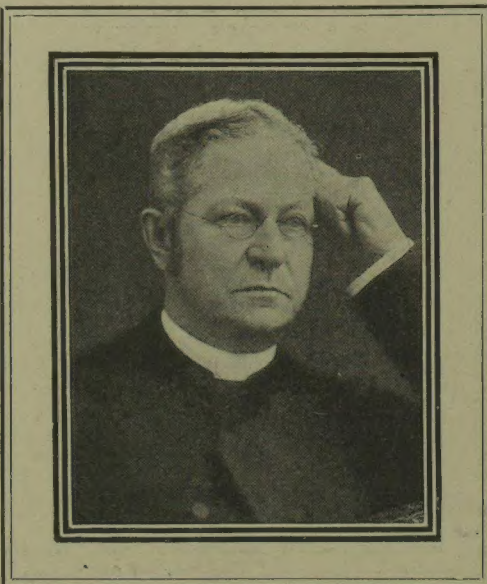


Photo. Notman.
THE LATE DR. G. J. LOW,
Canon of Montreal.

Sleeping-car Company and chairman of the Élysée Palace Hotel. He is succeeded by his eldest son, who is a partner in the firm of Donald Currie and Co.

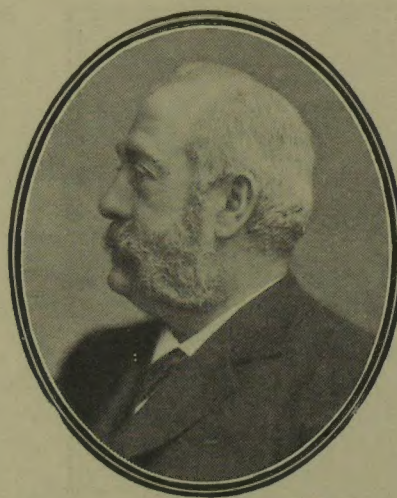


Photo. Bieber.
HERR SINGER,
The Keir Hardie of Berlin.

FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE EARTHQUAKE HAVOC AT KINGSTON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



RUINS OF THE WEST WING, COURTYARD OF MYRTLE BANK HOTEL.

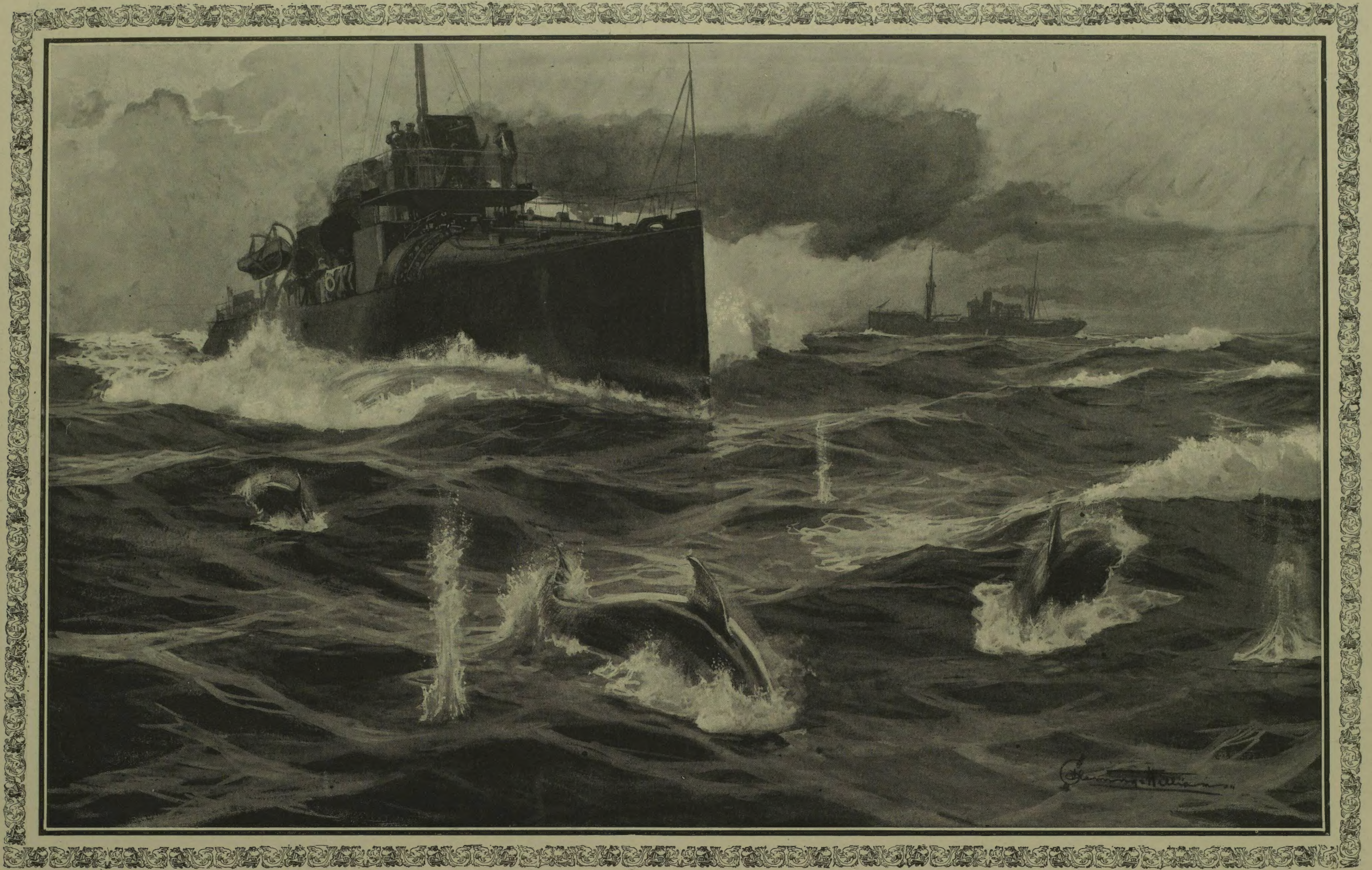


RUINS OF A GREAT RESORT OF ENGLISH VISITORS: MYRTLE BANK HOTEL AFTER THE SHOCK.

Sir Alfred Jones and many of his party had lunched at the Myrtle Bank Hotel, on the sea front, just before the earthquake. They were returning leisurely to the Conference Hall when the first shock took place. In a moment the hotel collapsed, the sides fell out, and the whole building became as grotesque as a wrecked doll's house, according to Lord Dudley's description.

POTTING THE PORPOISE: A NOVEL NAVAL TARGET.

DRAWN BY FLEMING WILLIAMS.



KEEPING DOWN THE SCOURGE OF THE HERRING FISHERY: A CHANCE FOR REVOLVER PRACTICE.

The officers of torpedo craft sometimes get a chance of rather exciting revolver practice when a school of porpoises comes along. Those who say that this shooting is wanton and cruel ought to remember that porpoises are terribly destructive to herrings, which they destroy wholesale. It is therefore a duty to our fisheries to keep these pests down.

A WINTER SPORT THAT DOES FOR DIGNITY: EGG-BLOWING ON THE ICE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY ORMISTON SMITH.



AN EGG-BLOWING RACE ON THE ICE AT GRINDELWALD.

Every woman player has a man for partner. Parallel tracks are marked out for each pair and all start level: the ladies, on skates, forming a line at one end of the course, the men, wearing shoes or boots, at the other. Partners face partners. First the ladies skate forward, blowing the eggs along with fans. As soon as they reach the other end, the men fall flat and wriggle along, blowing the egg back again. The partners whose egg gets back first are the winners. The sport is immense, and even the gravest dignitaries have been known to bend to its charms.

ROME IN A TOGA OF SNOW: THE ETERNAL CITY DURING THE RECENT STORM.



THE FORUM UNDER A WHITE MANTLE.



THE ARCH OF TITUS IN ARCTIC SURROUNDINGS.



THE VIEW FROM THE PINCIAN HILL.



SNOW IN THE COLISEUM.

Last week Southern Europe had an unusual sight of winter: Rome, Naples, and even Constantinople were snowbound. Etna, Stromboli, and Vesuvius were covered with a white mantle. The effect in the Forum was rather remarkable, as it threw the outlines of the sites of the ancient buildings into unusual relief. This was particularly the case with the stumps of the columns of the Basilica Julia, which appears just on the right of the photograph.

WHERE CHRISTIANS WENT TO THE LIONS: MODERN HONOUR TO MARTYRS IN THE COLISEUM.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ROME.



THE HOMAGE OF MODERN PILGRIMS TO MARTYRS WHO DIED IN THE FLAVIAN AMPHITHEATRE.

Visitors of all nationalities make solemn pilgrimages to the Coliseum to kneel in adoration on the very spot where the early Christians were flung to the lions. Among these pilgrims are English and Americans. Some of them carry small bags into which they put stones from the arena as pious relics.

LITERATURE

AMOR CONDUSSE NOI ADVNA MORTE.....
DANTE—*Inferno—Canto V.*

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

IT is a feather, I hope, in the cap of a critic to have discovered a perfectly new "Byron Mystery," a respectable mystery, too, which you can openly discuss with a lady anywhere. On the nineteenth of November

the same price as in France. The ordinary British price of a novel, at a railway stall, is six shillings; with discount it is, I presume, about four shillings and ninepence; I know not, for, somehow, I never get discount, and it is only to beguile a journey that my six shillings, for a novel, "goes bang."

Six shillings is a good deal for a new novel, about the merits of which the purchaser knows nothing. With confidence I hazard my silver over a new novel by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Mr. Stanley Weyman, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. A. E. W. Mason, and a very few other tried favourites. One can read their books, keep them, and read them again. But a leap in the dark at a novel may mean the entire loss of six shillings; whereas, with novels at half-a-crown, you have two chances in place of one, and a shilling over for the *Cornhill Magazine*, or for the *Strand* and the *Field*.

COMEDY QUEENS.

RECENTLY the air has been thick with missiles directed against the actor and his art. We have heard the stage accused of ignorance and vanity and presumption, and these charges have been

launched with a degree of animosity that to

all thinking people must rob them of any force they might have otherwise possessed. The reason for this outburst is not hard to seek. The pendulum has swung back its full course since the days of which Mr. John Fyvie tells us in his able and interesting volume, "Comedy Queens of the Georgian Era" (Constable), when the actor was a vagabond for whom even the law offered little or no protection. "In the earlier part of the eighteenth century, anybody might insult an actor with impunity; and if he were thrashed by a person of quality, neither he nor anybody else would have dreamed that he had any right to retaliate."

That this held good during nearly the whole of the century is familiar to all students of eighteenth-century literature. Johnson described an actor as "a fellow who exhibits himself for a shilling"; while Richardson rose to quite unusual heights of merriment over "a fellow who claps a hump on his back and a lump on his legs and cries 'I am Richard the Third.'" Even the genius of Garrick could not save him the taunt of being called a vagabond. Actors have travelled far since those days; still farther actresses. Peg Woffington and Kitty Clive had no dreams of picture postcards and illustrated papers devoted to their service. One recent writer on this subject drew special attention to the fact that, with very few exceptions, the stage has been recruited from the lowest social ranks. Indeed, actors and actresses seem to be born, not made, if we consider how often the actor's profession runs in families.

Not the least notable fact in the history of the stage during the nineteenth century was the improved status of the actress, thanks to the genius of a Siddons and the gracious dignity of a Helen Faucit. In the eighteenth century most actresses were untrammelled by any character or by any education, and their life-histories are strongly reminiscent of certain heroines of Defoe. That the lives of so many actresses of Georgian times are known so fully is for the most part due to their own literary labours or to contemporary chroniclers with a keen scent for good "copy." Mr. Fyvie has selected twelve famous actresses, and has devoted to each a careful biographical essay. His work is to be distinguished from book-making, for he has made an independent study of all existing materials, with the result that he has had to remove, in many cases, thick layers of legendary and traditional paint. Some of the queens suffer a little in reputation from his handling, though he is discreet and chivalrous enough. In fact, the interest of his volume suffers somewhat from the very limitations which do infinite credit to his taste and literary judgment. For it was the misfortune of most of those "Queens" that the most interesting pages in their lives are seldom very seemly. When they were quite respectable, they were generally quite dull. Thus, a decorous biographer is confronted with a cruel dilemma. He has to steer his way through memoirs "so illiterate, vulgar, and positively indecent that few modern readers have the patience to wade through them."

The design in the heading is the scene from "The Divine Comedy" where Dante and Virgil see the shades of Paolo and Francesca: "'Twas love that brought us to a common doom."

M. CHEDOMILLE MIJATOVICH,
Author of "A Royal Tragedy."
(See review on a later page.)

1820, from Ravenna. Byron wrote a letter to "Dear Murray." Why he did *that* is a subordinate mystery, for he could not help knowing that the name of his much-enduring publisher was "Murray."

Mr. Murray was treated as his confessor by the noble poet—and the things he confesses! However, in 1820, he only confessed that he had been "a good Cricketer," and in the Eton and Harrow match of 1805, "gained more notches than any except Lord Ipswich and Brockman, on our side."

Knowing Lilywhite's "Cricket Scores from 1745," I annotated the statement of "the titled batsman" briefly, and in an unfavourable sense, for Lilywhite gives "Lord Byron c. Barnard" (no bowler's name), "7," and "b. Carter, 2." The total is 9, and Farrer got 10, Shakespeare 13, Erskine 12, and Stanley 10, not to mention Ipswich, 31, and Brockman, 19, in the two innings.

The two Harrow ventures accumulated 55 and 65 (120), while Eton, in one innings, made 122, thus winning by an innings and two runs.

Now here the odd point comes in: by 1820 Byron *might* have forgotten his score at Lord's; but two days after the match, on Aug. 4, 1805, he wrote to C. O. Gordon ("sweet, dearest Charles"!) that Harrow was "most confoundingly beat"; "however it was some comfort to me that I got 11 notches the first innings and 7 the second, which was more than any of our side except Brockman and Ipswich could contrive to hit."

Thus, two days after the match, Byron believed the story of his paltry scores, which he told to Murray in 1820. But if Byron got 18 in the two innings, Eton could not have won by an innings and two runs, as in Lilywhite; they must have sent in men to get eight runs to win. They did not, according to Lilywhite: they won by an innings and 2 (Lilywhite, vol. I., pp. 319, 320). I quote the passage from Mr. Prothero's note, "Byron's Letters and Journals," vol. I. p. 70. I have not Lilywhite here, and do not know his source, which must be "official."

There is the mystery! Either Byron did not know his own score two days after the match, and continued in the same error all his life; or Lilywhite is wrong, and Eton did not win an innings. Byron repeats the facts (as he supposed that they were) in a letter to Gordon of August 14, 1805; and makes the additional error of crediting Brockman with 18 "notches"; he really got 9 and 10. To Byron's heraldic motto, *Crede Byron*, I prefer *Crede Lilywhite*. An odd thing is that Mr. Prothero, who himself nearly "got his blue," does not remark on the discrepancies.

Two firms of publishers, it is announced, intend henceforth to sell their new novels at half-a-crown. It is a plucky and meritorious experiment. My own ideal has always been to see books, not novels only, sold at



A POETICAL MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF COUTTS: MR. FRANCIS MONEY COUTTS, WHO HAS, THROUGH THE BARONESS'S DEATH, INHERITED UNDER THE LATE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS' TRUST.

Mr. Money Coutts has in the Press a new volume of poems, "King Arthur," which Mr. John Lane is publishing. The portrait here reproduced is from the painting by Professor von Herkomer.

It cannot be that many capitalists buy many six-shilling novels. You do not see people making the outlay; you do not see many six-shilling novels on the shelves of your friends. Ladies who read, on an average, three new novels weekly do not spend, say, thirteen shillings a week on what they call "mental pabulum." That would come to over thirty pounds annually. The libraries buy the novels. Will they buy more novels at half-a-crown?

GOLD-TRANSPORT UNDER DIFFICULTIES IN EARLY WINTER AT THE ORSK MINES.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM SKETCHES BY JULIUS M. PRICE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN SIBERIA.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, FEB. 2, 1907. 173

AN ENFORCED HALT ON THE WAY TO THE BANK.

Mr. Julius Price writes: "After the weekly clean-up the gold is taken to the bank, which may be thirty miles from some workings, or even sixty miles in other cases. At the beginning of winter the small streams which intersect the roads are a great trouble, for the thin ice may probably break beneath the horses. Fortunately the water is not deep; but the plunging of the fallen beasts often threatens to upset the carriage."



ART NOTES.

THE camera is the youngest Pretender. It would have one of the kingdoms of art, with a Muse for consort, and would hide its uncourtly three bandy legs, and forget itself one-eyed. In Dering Yard, Bond Street, where painting has recently held sway under the New English Art Club, the modern photography sets forth its claims, with insistent delicacy and persistent beauty. Baron de Meyer, Mr. Coburn, Mr. Craig Annan, and Mr. Demachy are very able generals of the Pretender. Their photographs are infinitely better than the products of a misunderstood convention of painting, or of any art practised by those who are in no sense artists. The photographers of Dering Yard are artists who, it seems to us, unfortunately do not practise an art. The fact

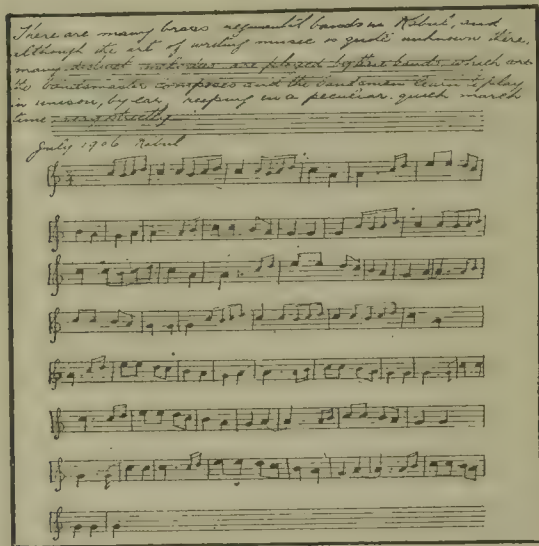


Photo. Protheroe.
A ROUND WITH STEEL GAUNTLETS: MR. JAMES WELCH IN HIS BURLESQUE OF CHIVALRY.

Mr. Welch first produced "When Knights Were Bold" in Nottingham last September.

ising that Mr. Coburn, Baron de Meyer, and the rest, are artists less by what they do with the camera than by supplementary considerations of composition and pose. We have but a hint that the modern photographer is an artist: the pictures of Rembrandt and Velasquez tell in plain terms of the genius of their creators. It may be thought, then, that the camera, its straddling legs and hooded head, and in the warfare that it is waging, resembles somewhat the Martians of Mr. Wells's invention. But the intelligence guiding the camera is not so intimately in touch with the machine as the sinister intelligence of the Martian was in touch with its mechanical warrior. The photographer must often manipulate his plate and print to bring it nearer to the likeness of the thing which his own eye saw, but which his machine would not see. He scratches and he daubs; and he does this because he has observed that water-colours and etchings have a something—in which something we may include emotion—that no photograph has yet possessed. And it is against the

purpose of this manipulation that we revolt—not because the purpose is wrong, but because the means are so entirely inadequate. That "something" which makes a work of art cannot be superadded



WESTERN MUSIC FOR THE AMIR'S BANDS: A POTPOURRI MARCH CONTAINING AIRS FROM "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."

This march is played by one of the regimental bands in Kabul. It begins with a few phrases from "The Belle of New York" and drifts off into a medley of other things. The march was written down by an English lady, who heard it played in Kabul.

to a mechanical groundwork, any more than a great architecture cannot be superadded to an iron construction.

Mr. Coburn's portraits are interesting because Mr. Coburn's intelligence has worked hard to make itself understood by the one-eyed box. But we get only fragmentary glimpses of Mr. Coburn's intelligence. The result is that Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, Mr. Arthur Symonds, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and M. Rodin are very much more real in these photographs than they would have been on the canvases of the painter who makes no effort to fix his sincere impressions in paint and practises an art that is strangled by misunderstood conventions. Of Mr. Coburn's sitters, the philosopher is the most successfully dealt with. The camera has not seen poetry in the poet, nor drama in the dramatist, although Mr. Shaw has posed with some of an actor's sense. The part for which he has cast himself is that of a thinker. M. Rodin is much photographed, and his

MUSIC.

"DIE VERKAUFTE BRAUT" AT COVENT GARDEN.

THE men and women who can pass their fortieth year and still retain the youthful vigour and freshness that are left to Smetana's opera, "Die verkaufte Braut" would deserve the congratulation of all their friends. It would have been surely a great delight to the unfortunate composer to hear his music, now forty-one years old, make an irresistible appeal to the audience at Covent Garden last week. The omens were not favourable—London was in the cruel embrace of snow and ice, and the audience that assembled to greet the reappearance of the Bohemian opera in our midst would have been discouraged very readily under the conditions that prevailed, if the claim of the music upon their regard had not been so rapid and so complete. To understand the full charm of a score that is so intensely melodious, full of clever writing, and truly representative of the spirit of Bohemian music, one must remember that the book is a poor one, and that Wagner's most serious efforts have been claiming the attention of the house since the opening of the German Season. To turn from the mood evoked by tragedy to the pure comedy of Smetana's music, to set big problems aside and take pleasure in a simple and not very convincing love-story, would be a difficult task enough under ordinary circumstances; but before the first act of the opera was over the audience had quite forgotten what the approaches to Covent Garden were like: and the second act called for something that is heard all too seldom at our national opera-house—hearty laughter. From first to last Smetana writes like a scholar and a gentleman. He tickles the ear with the ingenuity and piquancy of his writing. The opera was interpreted admirably.

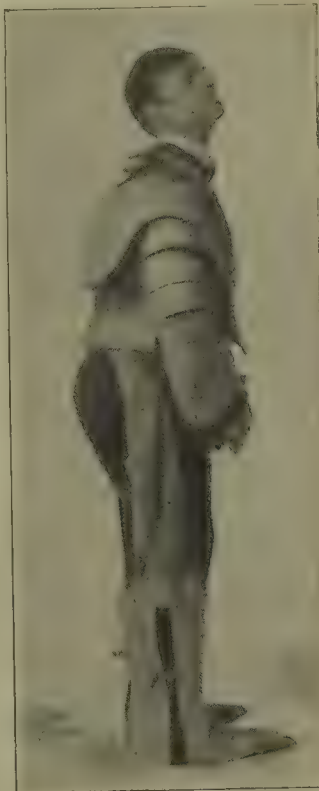


Photo. Protheroe.
MR. JAMES WELCH'S BURLESQUE OF CHIVALRY: THE COMEDIAN AS SIR GUY DE VERE IN "WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD."

Mr. Welch is appearing at Wyndham's in a play which is an amusing medley of the twelfth and the twentieth centuries.

Herr Schalk never forgot that he had to interpret the lightest of light music. He showed that he can handle trifles as cleverly as he can deal with work of far more serious import. Only in the finale of the third act did we think that his handling was a little heavy, and that a part of the effervescence of the music and exhilaration of the scene was lost. Some of the individual performances were really admirable. As soon as he had warmed to his part, Herr Karl Marx, who took the part of the marriage-broker, was full of the most amusing drollery, Frau Bosetti made Marie the most captivating person, and her singing and acting were equally spontaneous. Herr Naval, in the leading tenor part, sang delightfully, even though he might have sung better still in a smaller house; while Herr Bussard, who took the part of David in "Die Meistersinger," quite surpassed himself in the part of the foolish youth who stutters as he sings.



AN INTERESTING INVALID NOW RECOVERED: PRINCESS TRIXIE, THE "HUMAN REASONING" HORSE.

Princess Trixie has been appearing in her wonderful performance at the Palace. She took pneumonia a few days ago; but has happily recovered, although she cannot reappear for some little time. Mr. Alfred Butt issued a challenge promising to pay £100 to a hospital if anyone could prove that Princess Trixie did not reason.

strong features are always sculptural. In some ways the most interesting print in the exhibition is Mr. Coburn's "El Toros," in which the camera has justified Goya's view of a bull-fight against the testimony of a thousand inferior painters.



1. BRAMPTON PARK BEFORE THE FIRE. 2. ANOTHER VIEW BEFORE THE FIRE. 3. A ONCE-BEAUTIFUL FAÇADE. 4. RUINS OF BRAMPTON PARK.

ANOTHER HISTORIC COUNTRY-HOUSE BURNT: THE FIRE AT BRAMPTON PARK.

Brampton Park, one of the seats of the Duke of Manchester, was destroyed by fire on January 24. The house is near the village of Brampton, in Huntingdonshire, and was formerly the residence of Brigadier-General Sparrow, whose daughter, Millicent, married in 1822 the sixth Duke of Manchester, and through her the property passed to the Montagu family. The Dukes of Manchester have not occupied the house for some time. A number of valuable pictures and a great part of the furniture were saved from the fire. — (PHOTOS BY RUSSELL AND BY MADDISON AND HENNE.)



Solange (Mlle. Greuze).

Jacasse (Madame Bernhardt).

THE DIVINE SARAH AS A HUNCHBACK: MADAME BERNHARDT'S NEW RÔLE.

"Les Buffons," by M. Miguel Zamacois, is the latest production at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt. The story is of a lonely girl, Solange, daughter of a penniless Baron, who cannot afford to let her see life. The Baron sends for clowns to amuse her. The hunchback Jacasse, Madame Bernhardt, alone can make Solange smile. He is, of course, a Count in disguise, and marries the lady after the proper manner of such pleasant fantasies. — (PHOTOGRAPH BY MANUEL.)

SOCIAL AND ANECDOTAL



THE
HONOURABLE
ELEANOR HICKS BEACH.
To be Married to
Sir John Keane, February 12.
Photo, Langley.



THE NEW PEERESS, MISS NEVILLE,
To be Married to Lord Hastings, who succeeded his father as
twenty-first Baron in 1904. Lord Hastings was formerly a
Lieutenant in the 7th Hussars and is twenty-four years of age.
Photo, Keturah Collings.



MURIEL
VISCOUNTESS HELMSLEY,
Founder and First President
of the Ladies'
Municipal Reform Association.
Photo, Alice Hughes.



MISS EVELYN CAVENDISH BENTINCK.
TO BE MARRIED TO MR. WALTER SPENCER MORGAN BURNS.
Miss Cavendish Bentinck is the youngest daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck. Her fiancé is the son of the
late Mr. Walter Burns, of New York and North Mimms
Park, Hatfield.

THE MARQUESS OF RIPON'S length of service in public life is as remarkable as its

consistency, for he held more than fifty years ago the same political opinions that he holds to-day. That, of course, means that he was thought very much of a Radical when he first offered himself for election to the House of Commons. Lord Ripon has just subscribed £250 to the Selby Abbey restoration fund—a contribution the more generous in that it comes from a devout Roman Catholic. On the same day Lord Ripon sent a cheque for £1000 to the emergency fund in aid of such schools of his denomination as may be condemned for inadequacy by the Government of which he is a member. And yet people talk of the profession of politics as incompatible with self-abnegation or with any sacrifice of private to public interest.

The dispersion of Disraeli's famous letters to his sister continues. Each season the sale-room contains two or three of them, and the price touched by any single letter is about £9. Disraeli's attachment for his "Dearest Sa," Miss Sara Disraeli, was one of the most endearing of his traits; and the letters he wrote to her are souvenirs of moments of high pressure in politics that have no rivals. The letters are described as "the property of a lady." Had they belonged to the fine collection of Disraeli documents at Hughenden we may be sure that they would not have been found in the sale-room.

The exaggerated interest taken in the Thaw case, no very wholesome sign in England, is explicable enough in America, where Mr. Stanford White was reckoned without a rival as a man of taste in the Arts and Crafts, and where the appearance of a degenerate in the Thaw family lends to the case an element of the unexpected. The father of the present generation of Thaws was a partner of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and his great fortune has been liberally devoted, during two generations, to works of charity. The high-mindedness of members of the family is proverbial; and this, in one of them, is united with literary talents of a high order. All this lends to the notorious murder trial, sufficiently sensational in itself, a spice of paradox.

"Believe only half you hear about other people, and nothing you hear about yourself," was the advice of a veteran of the town to a cadet entering life. Rear-Admiral Davis will be liberal if he credits half he hears about Sir Alexander Swettenham. On the other hand, he may be allowed

to be wholly incredulous when he reads in his *Morning Post* that "he is undoubtedly a tailor." Luckily, the misprint is not one which will require a further exchange of diplomatic explanations.

When Mr. Justice Kennedy was indulging the other day in a good-humoured little grumble at being asked to inspect the tail of a cat, Lord Elgin may have remembered that something of international importance once turned upon the tail of a dog. It determined the success of his father's future ally was still a feudal Power shut off from the rest of the world. He had been preceded by two days by Townsend Harris, the American, who got the first international treaty with Japan. Immense difficulties had lain in the way. The American was suspected and despised by the feudal nobles. But he discovered that they were devoted to dogs, so he informed them that if they found any dog with a white hair upon its

but not his methods. His simple rule was, winter and summer, to walk half-an-hour up and down his room, naked, and with the windows thrown wide open. This he called his air-bath. The half-hour ended, in would go his man with half a pint of olive oil, and with it anoint his master from head to foot. The air-cum-oil bath, Lord Monboddoo declared, was the one invincible barrier to old age. But, one day, he died.

Notable links with the past which have been snapped within the last few days have received the attention of correspondents of the daily papers. Will it be believed that men still live who knew contemporaries of Johnson? Dr. Goldwin Smith was intimately acquainted at one time with Dr. Routh, the famous President of Magdalen College, who distinctly remembered seeing Johnson scrambling up the steps of University College. He heard from the Principal a story eclipsing that told last week of the man who suddenly went mad and attempted the life of his friend. Dr. Routh's butler became insane, and had to be sent away. He begged to be allowed once more to see his master, and the favour being granted, he stooped as if to kiss the Professor's hand. Instead of kissing it, he seized it with his teeth and bit out a piece of the flesh. The veteran walked calmly back to his house, speculating upon the quantity of virus which could have

been communicated by the bite, sat down and had the wound cauterised, and took his dinner as usual.

The Royal Academy elections have brought into prominence the names of painters and sculptors of whom the world will hear more as the years pass. Truth and fidelity of work have been mentioned as the characteristics of some of the men. Does the sitter always love these qualities? Mr. Gladstone made one artist show his mutilated hand. Manning was different. A friend, a good amateur photographer, took his portrait. "Do I really look quite so cunning?" asked the Cardinal wistfully. A celebrated sculptor to whom he sat for his bust in Rome, was even less fortunate with him. At a sitting they discussed phrenology, in which the artist was an expert. "Tell me, then, where is the seat of conscience?" said Manning. The sculptor strode across the studio and indicated a spot on the Cardinal's head. "That's where it ought to be," he grimly answered.

The heading of this page illustrates scenes in the social life of the sixteenth century, and the drawings are based on contemporary documents. These designs have been most carefully prepared, and will repay study.



THE MOTHER OF AN HEIR TO MILLIONS:
MRS. ROBERT GOELET.

Mrs. Goelet is sister-in-law to the Duchess of Roxburghe, who has just stood godmother by proxy to Mrs. Goelet's little boy, who will inherit vast wealth. Mr. Robert Goelet was said at the time of his marriage, two years ago, to be the richest American under thirty years of age.

physical culturists cannot agree upon a model system, the matter might safely be left to the Judges, among whom are great athletes of other days. Happily, there is not a faddist among them. Several bid fair to rival the years of Lord Monboddoo,

THE WORK OF THE GREATEST FRENCH ETCHER.—2ND SERIES.

DRY-POINT BY PAUL HELLEU.



No. III.: MADAME —.

We are fortunately enabled to continue the delightful series of M. Helleu's etchings, of which "The Illustrated London News" has obtained the copyright for Great Britain. Other plates are in hand and will be published in due course.

CRYSTAL SPLENDOURS OF THE FROST AND SUNLIGHT.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BALLANCE.



SUNLIGHT BURSTING THROUGH A FROSTED PINE-TREE.

Nothing is more beautiful than a pine-wood in winter, and the most wonderful effects are to be seen. This photograph was taken when a sunbeam had struck directly on a tree covered with frost crystals.

WHERE ALL THE WORLD GOES TOBOGGANING. THE MOST FAMOUS RUN.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BALLANCH.



BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK: TWO CORNERS ON THE CRESTA TOBOGGAN-RUN.

The Cresta toboggan-run is famous. There the sportsmen use a peculiarly safe toboggan with a sliding seat, which enables the runner to throw his weight backwards on rounding a sharp corner. It was while tobogganing at St. Moritzdorf about a fortnight ago that Captain Pennell, of the Southern Division Staff, received the injuries of which he died.

"THERE IS ONE CLASS ON WHOM WINTER PRESSES MOST HEAVILY, THAT CLASS WHICH HOVERS ALWAYS ON THE VERGE OF STARVATION."



"I WILL NOT LEAVE YOU COMFORTLESS."

FROM THE PAINTING BY FLEMING WILLIAMS.

SALVAGE EXTRAORDINARY, AND OTHER CURRENT CURIOSITIES.



Photo. Toftcal.

THE CYCLIST-CATCHER: CHEATING DEATH ON A FRENCH BRIDGE.

The bridge spans a deep ravine near Monte Carlo. The road approaches the bridge with a sharp bend, and many cyclists have been flung over the parapet. The authorities have therefore erected this metal framework fitted with a net. Here is a hint for our authorities.



Photo. Nops.

A £25,000 GUEST-HOUSE ERECTED SPECIALLY FOR THE AMIR.

The Government Guest-House at Peshawur, where the Amir was entertained, was erected specially for his Majesty's visit. The cost was £25,000, and the house is said to be modelled on the Amir's own Palace at Kabul.



THE REMNANT OF THE VESSEL AFLOAT.

SALVAGE EXTRAORDINARY: SAVING TWO-THIRDS OF THE WRECKED "HIGHLAND FLING."

The "Highland Fling" has been salvaged by the same methods that were adopted some years ago with the "Milwaukee." The fore-part of the ship is in a hopeless condition, so she was cut down with dynamite to two-thirds of her whole length. The after-part of the steamer, kept afloat by her water-tight bulkheads, was towed to Falmouth Harbour. An entirely new fore-part will be built.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLEAVES.



TWO-THIRDS OF THE STEAMER IN FALMOUTH HARBOUR.



Photo. Jeffries.

SHOPS ON STILTS: HOUSE-RAISING IN CHESHIRE.

At Northwich, in Cheshire, parts of the town subside periodically owing to the pumping of brine. A hundred yards of the main thoroughfare between Manchester and Cheshire has sunk seven feet in seven years and is now being restored to its original level. At the same time the houses are being raised by hydraulic jacks after the American fashion.



Photo. Illustrations Bureau.

DEFYING THE THERMOMETER: BERLIN'S COMFORTABLE CABBY.

During the record cold-snap in Berlin the cab-drivers were well protected from the weather. Enveloped in huge overcoats and furs the Teutonic Jehu defied the cold and made a brave appearance on the box, although the temperature was far below zero. Our own cabbies would be wittier than ever in furs.

AN ALMOST PERMANENT FEATURE OF DRAMATIC LONDON: THE FRENCH THEATRE.



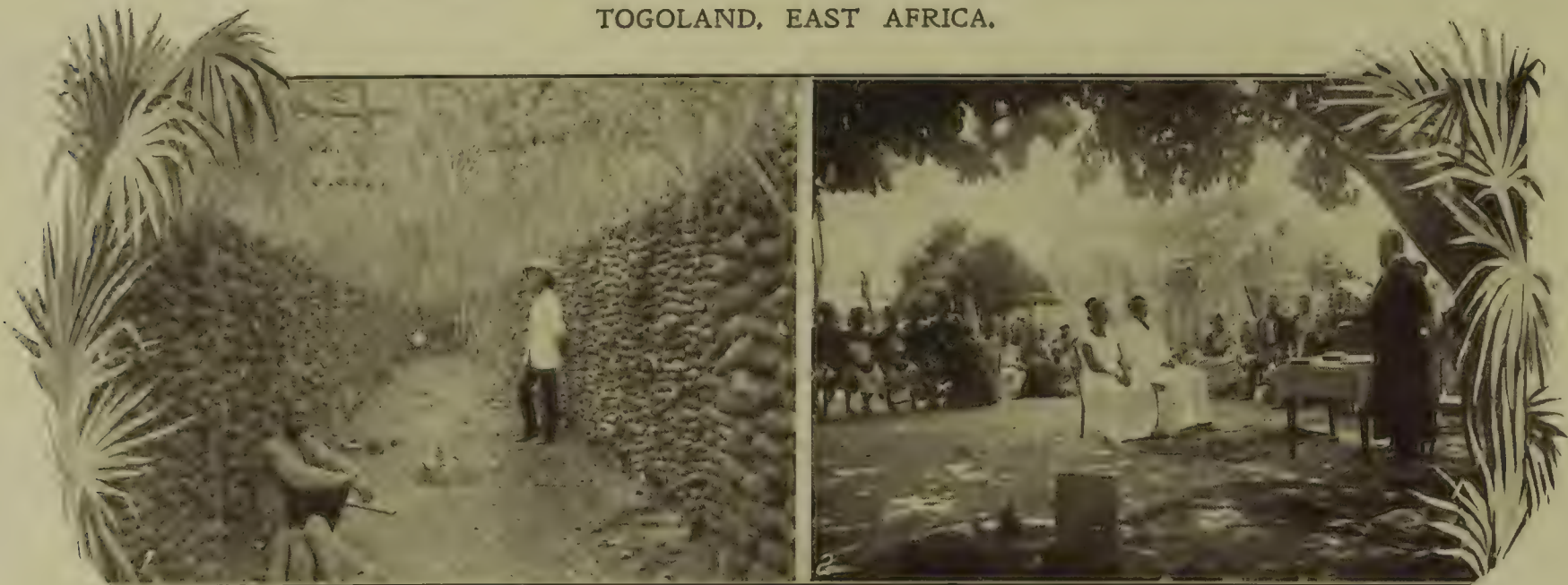
1. Mlle. GABRIELLE DORZIAT.
4. M. COQUELIN AÎNÉ AS CYRANO.
7. Mlle. BERTINY.

2. M. GEORGES BERR.
5. M. LE BARGY.
8. Mlle. NELLY CORMON.

3. Mme. KOLB.
6. Mlle. DE RAISY.
9. Mlle. FERIEL.

M. Gaston Mayer has begun another interesting season at the New Royalty Theatre, and the French Theatre in London has become almost a permanent institution. Last week M. Le Bargo appeared in Henri Lavedan's "Le Marquis de Priola," and this week we have M. Coquelin aîné with the Porte St. Martin Company.

THE PLACE ROUND WHICH THE GERMAN ELECTIONS REVOLVED:
TOGOLAND, EAST AFRICA.



1. A YAM STORE-HOUSE, TOGOLAND.

2. BETROTHAL CEREMONY IN THE OPEN AIR, TOGOLAND.

3. AN OLD REBEL CAMP TURNED INTO A GERMAN FORTIFIED POST.

4. COLLECTING THE PALM WINE.

5. MAKING POTS IN TOGOLAND.

It was on the rejection of the Colonial subsidiary vote to carry on the little war in German East Africa that the Reichstag was dissolved, necessitating the recent elections. The centre picture is an old rebel camp, formerly a wharf on the Narugas River. It was stormed early in 1905 by the Germans, and is now a fortified post.

THE KAISER'S INTEREST IN ART: THE GERMAN SCHOOL IN ITALY.



1. THE FAÇADE.

2. THE GATEWAY.

3. THE LAKE.

4. A CEILING (AUTUMN).

5. A STATE APARTMENT.

A GERMAN RIVAL TO THE VILLA MEDICI: THE VILLA FALCONIERI AT FRASCATI.

The Villa Falconieri at Frascati, built in 1540 by Cardinal Ruffini, was purchased by Herr Mendelssohn, a wealthy Berlin banker, at the suggestion of the Emperor, in order to found a German art school in Italy on the model of the French school at the Villa Medici, where Prix-de-Rome students work. Herr Mendelssohn's wife is a Florentine, one of the Gorgiani.

SCIENCE



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

GERMS AS SOCIAL FACTORS.

IT cannot be denied that of late years the "ubiquitous

germ" has come to exert a very important influence in our social life. To this point a reader of these articles directs my attention in a well-reasoned communication such as merits some comment and criticism. His plaint, in a word, is that we are "making too much of germs." In his opinion, we begin to suffer from the constant oppression of the microbe. We are haunted by the spectres of bacilli and micrococci. No sooner are we warned against, say, milk, than the water-supply is criticised, to an extent that makes one tend to have practical sympathy with the Scot who maintained that a little of the wine of his country should always be added to drinking-water by way of exterminating the microbes. Then our ordinary foods are to be suspected. Food-poisoning is another liability of the race, and ham and pork are tabooed by many because of the alleged greater likelihood of their forming growing-grounds

NATURAL HISTORY



BEAUTIFUL INDIAN FLAMINGOES AT THE PALACE AT JEYPORE.

STEREOGRAPH COPYRIGHT BY H. C. WHITE AND CO., LONDON (H. G. PONTING, F.R.G.S., ARTIST).

In the first place; there is no denying that the science of microbes has been directly instrumental in placing before us the direct cause of very many diseases,

have acquired a serum for the treatment of lockjaw, an essentially fatal trouble when left to ordinary methods of treatment.

The long list of advantages which the study of microbes has conferred upon us might be indefinitely extended, but it may suffice for the present to remind ourselves of all that is meant by antiseptic surgery. Here, by taking precautions to exclude germs from wounds, operations of the greatest magnitude may be successfully performed—operations which in former days were regarded as unjustifiable because of the risk of death from the after-consequences they entailed. So far, therefore, if the "ubiquitous microbe" presents itself as a constant theoretical terror to many of us, we must correct our alarm by a glance at the reverse of the medal, and by thinking of the enormous saving of life which the recognition of the germ-theory of disease has effected. Again, when we hear people complaining of the teachings of science regarding germs, and the care we should exercise regarding their possible attack upon us, we have to bear in mind that we are in no sense creating a new danger.



CAN FISH HEAR? A PROOF THAT THEY DO NOT.

When the rod immersed in the water is tapped, the fish make no movement, but they are most easily startled by any object brought within range of their eyes.

for germs. Even the blotting-pad has not escaped notice. The *Lancet*, it is pointed out, has warned people that the blotter may become insanitary because it is an absorbent of moisture, and microbes may be retained in it such as have been contained in our breath. The ink-pot, uncovered, receives "dust," which is but another name for germs, and so we transfer microbes to the paper we write upon, and thence to the blotting-pad.

This long list, says my correspondent, might be indefinitely extended, but he regards the examples given as sufficient to prove his contention that "a species of scientific terrorism is now exercised by reason of teachings regarding the possible harm microbes may do us when associated with almost every object of our surroundings, from milk to the doormat." Now, one cannot avoid a feeling of sympathy with the plaint thus uttered. For one thing, it is not a pleasant or comforting thought that we are continually bombarded by these microscopic organisms, to our possible, or often probable, detriment. One can well understand that people uninstructed in germ-lore may come to regard life as really representing a continuous battle against microbes, the fight being of very unequal kind in respect of the enormous advantages possessed by germs in the way of attack, and also by reason of the apparently weak defence we are enabled to make against their onset. That the case, however, is not quite so desperate as my correspondent would have us believe is by no means difficult to demonstrate. We are not, after all, in such a "pailous state" as the popular notions about microbes would have us believe.



Photo. Topical.

PLANT OR MONSTROSITY? A PUZZLE AT KEW GARDENS.

In the Succulent-House at Kew a remarkable plant, brought from Mexico fifty years ago, is just now in flower. The stem is like a great puff-ball, and it has a thick corky bark like that of an oak-tree. The leaves are like grass, and grow in tufts from tubercles. From the middle of the tuft of leaves springs a flower spike, which has been compared to the Astelias of the Falkland Islands. When not in flower the plant looked like a lichen-covered boulder, and it was asked whether it was not a monstrosity. The plant has, however, just been rediscovered in Ixmiquilpan, Mexico, by Mr. J. N. Rose, who proposes to name it "Calibanus Caespitosus" in allusion to the monster in "The Tempest."

the origin whereof, in past days, was practically unknown. That this discovery conferred an immense boon on humanity, who can doubt? Knowing the exact cause of fevers, consumption, and many other diseases, some of them before regarded as practically of incurable nature, medical science is now prepared successfully to do battle with them. The open-air cure of consumption



A 16-LB. CAULIFLOWER.

This immense vegetable measured quite a yard in circumference, and was nearly a foot in diameter.

followed upon the discovery by Koch of the bacillus of the disease, and upon the study of its nature and development. The anti-toxin treatment of diphtheria was similarly the direct result of the discovery of the germ of that disorder, and of its behaviour when it was transmitted through the body of the horse. We



FISH ARE QUICK TO SEE, BUT CANNOT HEAR.

In this experiment the fish dart away the moment that the rod is brought within sight of them. In the other experiment here illustrated they are shown not to be sensitive to sound.

Germs have always encompassed us, and blindly enough in the past have we encountered them, not knowing of their existence, and so unable to devise means of defence. Even if, to-day, the burden of bacilli seems too great to be borne, as my correspondent indicates, against possible and needless scare we have to set forth the knowledge concerning the prevention of disease such as has been placed within our grasp.

It may well be that there has been a good deal of needless exaggeration of the power of the germ to assail and injure us. The germs of the ink-pot may perchance be ignored, because ink is a species of disinfectant, and microbes tumbling into the ink-reservoir are not at all likely to have a happy time. So also, it is to be borne in mind, that many microbes are not only harmless to us, while some are positively beneficial, witness the bacteria which convert sewage into harmless products, such as with safety can be sent into rivers. There is, in truth, a *per contra* side to my correspondent's views, such as should not be neglected. If we are even terrified into exercising rigid cleanliness all round—cleanliness being the great condition for germ-destruction—the race will benefit largely by the increased health it will attain. ANDREW WILSON.

Note on the Heading: Archimedes was killed at the fall of Syracuse, 212 B.C. Its long resistance was due to his ingenuity. "Do not spoil the circle: let me finish my problem," he cried to his murderer. Muschenbroek, the botanist, spent his life in scientific research at Leyden.

THE RECORD COLD - SNAP IN EUROPE: A BERLIN FISHING PICNIC ON THE ICE.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, FEB. 2, 1907.—187

A MERRY SCENE ON THE ICE NEAR BERLIN.

Fishing is a favourite pastime with the Berliners, and they even continue this sport all through the winter. If the ice is very thick on the lakes near Berlin they go there armed with skates. They also have sailing ice-boats, on which they put their provisions and a small iron stove to cook the food and warm themselves. When the sportsmen arrive at their destination some of them break holes in the ice with their axes, others put the stove on the ice and cook their dinner; the lines are lowered into the water, and much fish is caught. The fish gather near the holes so as to be able to breathe with greater ease. In the evening the sportsmen return home in their sledges.

TRANSIT TOPICS: A PAGE OF LOCOMOTION ON LAND AND WATER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS.



THE CYCLIST FIREMEN READY TO ATTACK THE FLAMES.



THE CYCLIST FIRE BRIGADE READY TO MOUNT.

FIRST AID FOR FIRE: THE CYCLIST FIRE BRIGADE AT MARSEILLES.

The Marseilles fire brigade has organised a body of light skirmishers mounted on bicycles. They use a portable equipment, which is often of great use before the heavier artillery for fighting fire can be brought up. They have scaling-ladders and a light hose which is attached directly to the hydrant in the street. There is sufficient water-pressure to throw the jet for a considerable distance without an engine.



BOATS LIFTED FROM THE RIVER WEAVER TO THE NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE CANAL.



BARGES WAITING TO ENTER THE LIFT FROM RIVER TO CANAL.

A LIFT FOR BOATS: AN INGENIOUS CONTRIVANCE ON THE NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE CANAL.

The Aneston hydraulic lift is a modification of a canal lock. The barge is floated into a cradle, which is then closed at one end, and is raised bodily to the level of the water in the canal. The other end of the cradle is then opened, and the boat is free to go on its way. Vessels up to 300 tons can be accommodated.



A SMART LITTLE PARISIAN PASSENGER-STEAMER.



THE UNFORTUNATE L.C.C. BOATS ON THE THAMES.

A CONTRAST IN RIVER-STEAMERS: SMARTNESS ON THE SEINE AND SLOWNESS ON THE THAMES.

That bone of contention, the L.C.C. steam-boat service, will be used for party purposes during the election. The steam-boats were never a success, and the boats do not compare very favourably with the smart and swift service on the Seine.



THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE: A 1-H.P. MOTOR.

This car, steered like an automobile, but pushed by a horse, is a curiosity of Paris. It is driven by a lady cabby.



A COW-CATCHER FOR ELECTRIC TRAMS.

This contrivance has been adopted by all the electric combines in Canada. As soon as it is touched it drops and picks up anything in front of it.



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WILL RODIN'S NEXT GREAT STATUE BE A CAMBODIAN BALLET-GIRL?

THE "INTERNATIONAL" PRESIDENT'S SKETCHES OF KING SISOWATH'S DANCERS.

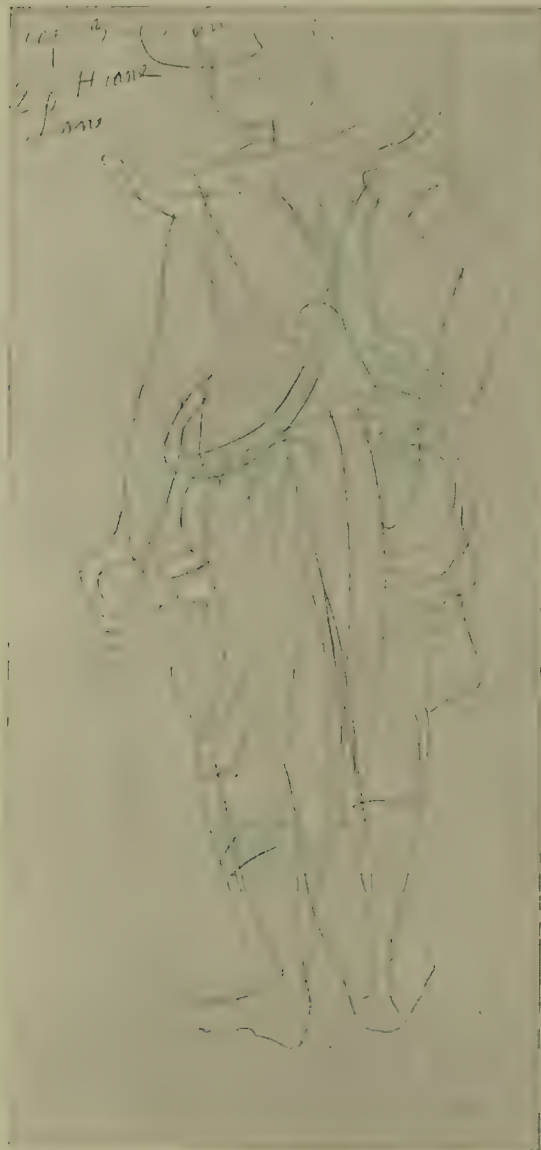


M. RODIN SKETCHING THE DANCERS AT THEIR MARSEILLES RESIDENCE.

THE Cambodian dancers, who had such a success at the Marseilles Exhibition, to which they were brought under the personal direction of King Sisowath, were visited at their residence, the Villa des Glycines, by M. Rodin. The great sculptor is making statuettes of the dancers, and his preliminary sketches are here reproduced. It took all M. Rodin's patience and ingenuity to persuade these small Eastern ladies to keep still. Their poses were most



M. RODIN CORRECTING A POSE.

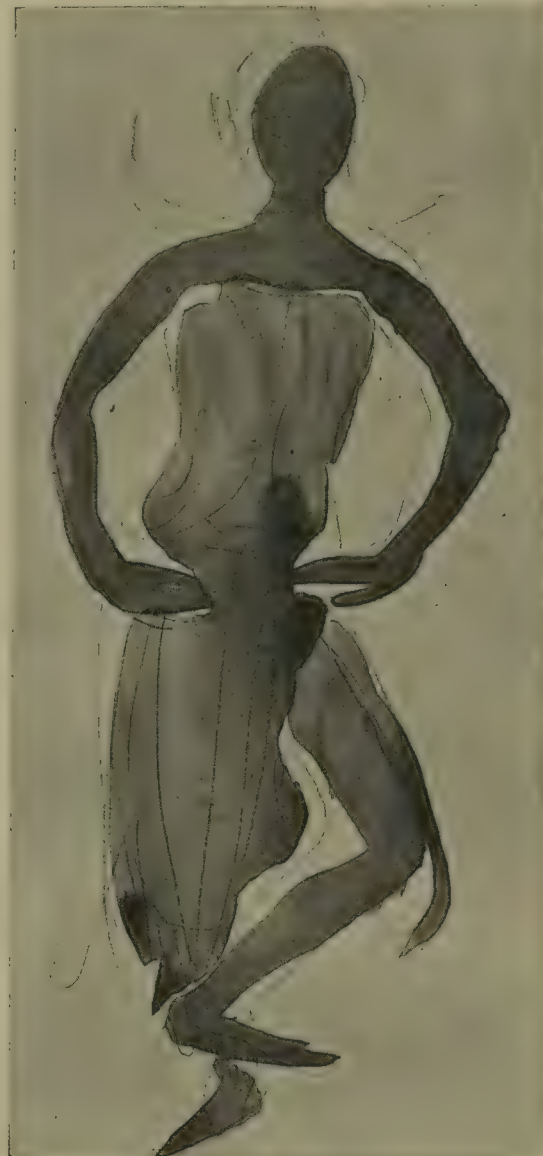


A CRAYON SKETCH BY M. RODIN.



A PAGE OF CAMBODIANS FROM M. RODIN'S ALBUM.

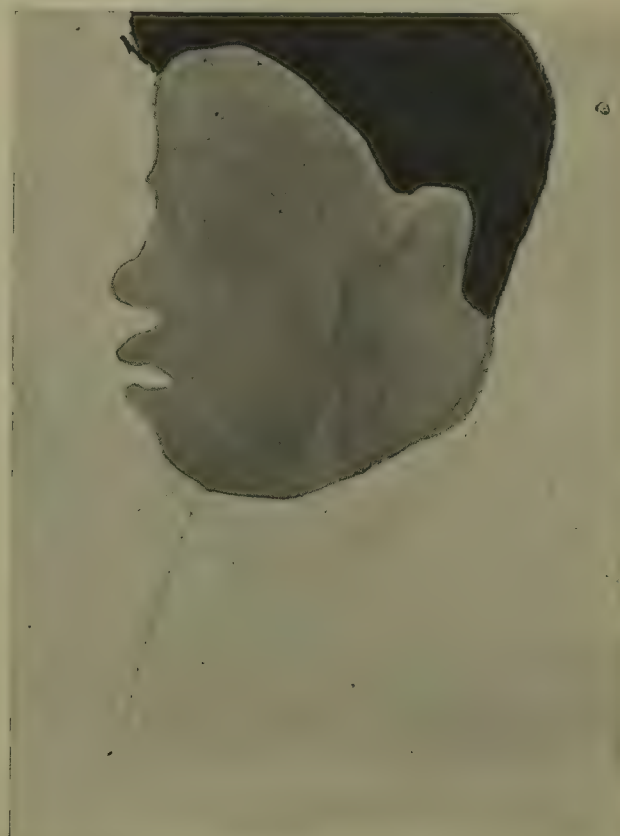
subtle and elusive, and their patience and endurance were also severely taxed; but M. Rodin was equal to the occasion. Often the model, visibly fatigued, would make a little grimace and abandon her pose. In a moment M. Rodin had risen, and going to the basket of a hawker, who was permanently established at the villa, he would purchase some little present, with which he lured his model back again.



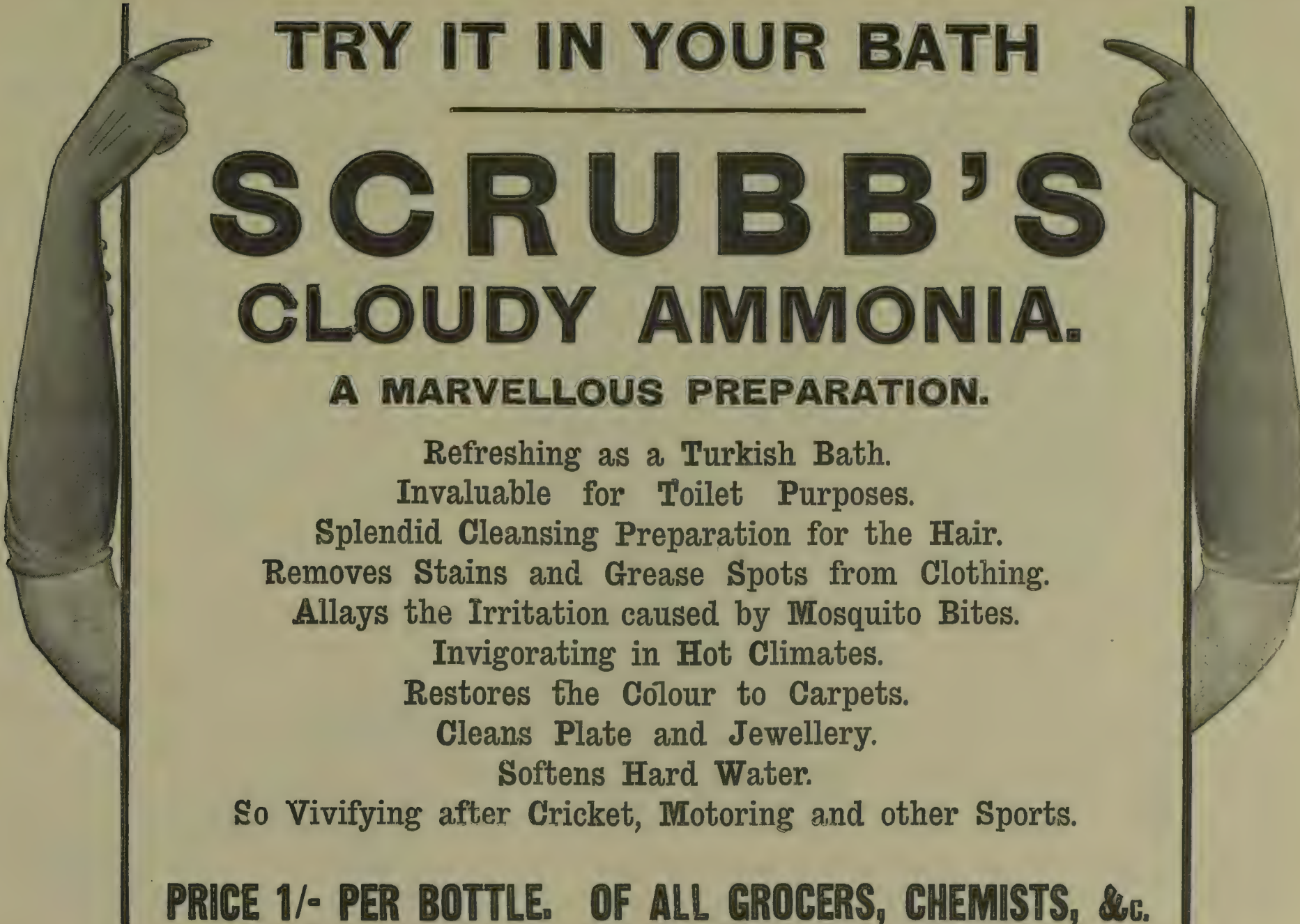
A SKETCH FOR A STATUETTE.



A SKETCH OF THE SERPENT MOVEMENT.



KING SISOWATH OF CAMBODIA, SKETCHED BY M. RODIN.



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LADIES' PAGES.

PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG, more fortunate than many mothers of such high station, is able to go to Spain to have the rather trying satisfaction of looking after her own daughter in her first experience of the great crisis of a woman's life. The young Queen will be spared the anxiety that attends on the birth of a first child in countries where the Salic law prevails. Should her children be daughters only, the eldest will succeed to the throne in due course, just as would be the case here. This removal of the law confining the succession of the throne to males is only, as regards Spain, a matter of the last century, and the Carlist claim to the Spanish throne, of which much used to be heard in our fathers' days, was based on the theory that the Salic law ought not to have been repealed, and that Don Carlos, as nearest male heir, should oust Queen Isabella, the direct female heir. However, it is well established that the throne of Spain can pass to a daughter, as the present King inherits it through his grandmother; so the King and Queen will, if granted a living child, though a daughter, be able to say as philosophically as the late Duke of Kent did when somebody wrote to condole with him on his child, afterwards Queen Victoria of these realms, being only a girl; "I do not wish for condolences on the subject, being convinced that the dictates of Providence are always wisest and best." His baby daughter was destined to live to give point and emphasis to her father's refusal to regret her sex. But if because of being a girl the baby could not have inherited her father's rights, the Duke of Kent would, no doubt, not have been so well satisfied.

It is a pity from the romantic point of view when a marriage of personal feeling, made by a Prince with a woman socially his inferior, does not succeed. The man who makes such a match knows well enough that he is condemning his future children to a state of incertitude socially that must be very trying to them. The late Duke of Cambridge, because he was the son of a marriage made by his father with a Princess, enjoyed all the enormous advantages that will be seen set out in his recent "Life": the country gave him £12,000 a year, he became Commander-in-Chief, and Ranger of the Royal Parks, orders covered his breast, and, in short, he had "the good time" of being a Prince; the mere circumstance that brought him all this good fortune was his mother's being royal—his father's royalty alone would not have sufficed. The children of a morganatic marriage made by a Prince cannot inherit their father's titles or precedence. But if the Prince is fortunate in his choice and makes a happy home with the woman he loves, for his children to grow up in, the sacrifice he has made to romance is justified. The proud Austrian Court, strange to say, more than any other, is where this form of romantic fancy flourishes; many of its Princes have married beneath



SUGGESTION FOR A TEA-GOWN.
Carried out in white velvet with black embroidery.

them. Though the Salic law now obtains with regard to the Austrian crown, it is only comparatively recently established, and the aged Emperor, as he much desired

to see his throne descend to his only son's only child—a daughter—used to do everything that he possibly could to remind the people of the success of the reign of their last female monarch, the famous Empress Maria Theresa, Queen-Regent of Hungary and Empress of Austria. The Emperor lost no opportunity to bring before the public mind the greatness of that eighteenth-century Sovereign; and amongst the rest he has erected to her honour in Vienna a splendid monument. The Hungarians, it was understood, were in favour of the accession of the Emperor's granddaughter after himself; they say that they never wished or agreed to remove the girls of their royal house from the line of succession. But it was all brought to nothing by the insistence of the Princess, while still a young girl, on marrying a man of noble birth indeed, but far below the royal station. The Emperor, having seen much of the sorrow of marriages of convenience, had determined that he would not coerce any of his descendants in affairs of the heart, and sanctioned the marriage; though it necessarily closed all prospect of the throne to the girl for whom he had before hoped, and with good reason, to secure the succession.

Quite a number of Austrian Princes have made similar love marriages. The actual heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary himself has done so, and his wife, an actress, can never be his Empress, nor his children his heirs. The lady for whom this sacrifice was made is extremely pretty; she and the Archduke travelled down in the same train that I did from Upper Egypt to Cairo, and though they had a reserved saloon for the journey, they came to the restaurant-car for dinner and occupied the table next to my own, so I can speak from personal knowledge. This marriage is a success, apparently, but it is announced that the romantic marriage with a peasant girl made by another Austrian Archduke a few years ago has come utterly to grief. The Archduke Leopold Salvator wrote to the Emperor renouncing all his rights as a member of the royal house, and assumed the name of Leopold Wolfing, and as such made his romantic match. The strange position seems to have been too much for the girl that he married; she did not, like Tennyson's "village maiden," when she discovered that her husband was a great lord, "droop and die" under the "burden of an honour unto which she was not born." Frau Wolfing has merely become "eccentric" in her views about food and clothing, wanting to "live the natural life," which means, apparently, eating uncooked food of the vegetable order and wearing the most unsophisticated raiment possible. So the unequal match is ended by mutual agreement.

Of course, the offspring of morganatic marriages (which are on the Continent recognised as legal and binding unions, only involving the loss to wife and children of a share in the royal rights of the husband and father) are often placed in a high position, and receive titles and found important family-trees. The

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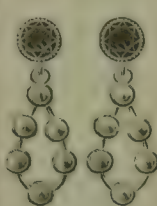
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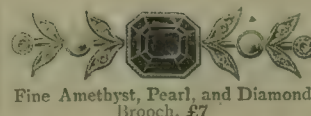


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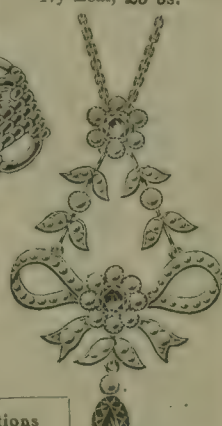


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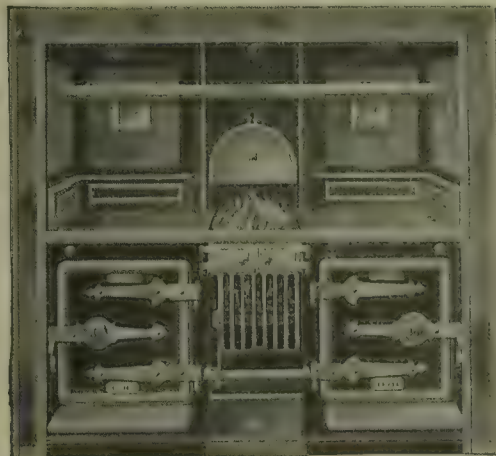
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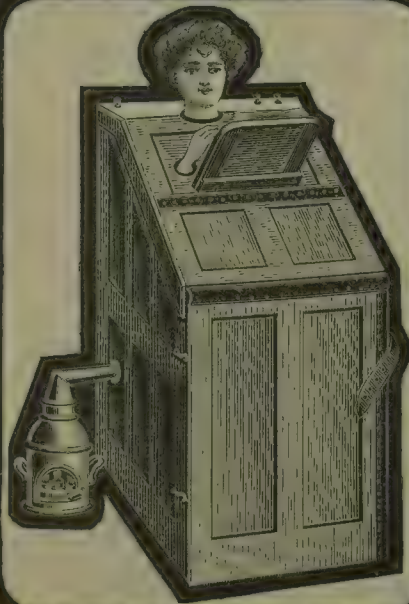
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late Duke of Teck, the Princess of Wales's father, was in this position, and so, indeed, was the father of Queen Victoria Eugénie of Spain. The present German Emperor sets his face against such unions, although—perhaps one should say because—he himself, in his boyish days, desired to resign his rights to the throne to marry a lady of lower station, and was not permitted. Possibly he feels so extremely glad now that he was not allowed to do anything so foolish that he stands more rigidly against it than his predecessors in German palaces have often done. The Kaiser recently banished to a distant naval station his cousin Prince Joachim Albrecht, who wished to marry an actress; while a couple of generations ago another Prussian Prince, Augustus, was allowed to marry an actress, who was created by the then King of Prussia a Baroness to make the marriage more equal. Quite a number of noble German families could be cited whose origin was in such romantic princely marriages, in which, though the royal husband was "all for love," the bride found, happily, that she did not altogether have to consider "the world well lost" on her side of the match.

The Paris dressmakers' models for the Riviera are always hints of the forthcoming fashions, and therefore are inspected with special interest. According to this indication, the fitting corsage is to have a strong following. A quite beautiful French model gown at Monte Carlo is in sapphire-blue silk voile. The upper part of the skirt is cut out in semicircles round the foot, under which is seen a simulated underskirt of blue chiffon velvet, very elaborately braided with blue and gold silk braid. The corsage is a well-fitting Directoire coat of voile, the revers turned back with the blue chiffon velvet, braided in blue and gold like the underskirt, and revealing a narrow waistcoat of black satin, trimmed down with loops of black velvet ribbon, each held back by a little gold buckle. The top vest, or throatlet, and undersleeves are of spotted net, finely tucked, and trimmed down with strips of black velvet ribbon of the baby size.

Many extremely handsome wedding gowns have recently been carried out in velvet, although satin will always be the desire of most young brides' hearts. This is well known by Messrs. Liberty and Co., Limited, of Regent Street, London, who have produced a most charming catalogue of novelties for the coming season's bride and her attendant maids. This artistic firm will send a copy of their special "Wedding Gown" book, post free, on application, and a bridal carried out on Messrs. Liberty's ideas would certainly be as beautiful as any picture. The costumes depicted in this new catalogue have been selected from among the most graceful in the past history of dress, and include those of the Puritan and Charles I. period, as well as more modern styles. The suggestions for the trousseaux are most valuable.

Invention in the true sense of the word is practically impossible in the world of dress. After all, there can but



DAINTY COSTUME FOR EVENING WEAR.

Made in white chiffon, trimmed with fine lace, and adorned with Empire sash.

be draperies, pleats, flounces, slashings or pieces laid on to a foundation; and in the six thousand years that have elapsed since the queens of Egypt, as their jewellery shows, gave due thought to their adornment, every imaginable variation of every possible fundamental idea has been invented and tried. Nevertheless, by means of infinite changes of detail, a more or less new effect is produced. At present, ideas are being taken from the most various styles and different epochs. Every woman must be able to find what suits her, provided she is able to arrive in her own mind at a true idea of what is demanded by her age, her figure, her complexion, and her social requirements. One need not be exclusive; one may choose on any point in one's dress amidst the most varying ideas. For instance, as regards the corsage, one may have a belt tightly encircling the figure, with a guimpe, or a deep bolero, or one of the "new Empire" arrangements, so called, which, however, when translated into firm materials, are not Empire at all; or a short coat, or a long Directoire one, or a cross-over bodice.

All the sleeves continue to be short. The most original sleeve is that which is cut like a Japanese kimono, without a seam at the shoulder, thus giving the fashionable appearance of length on the shoulder. One puff, or two, for the top of the sleeve are, however, equally popular. This puffed sleeve may be, either in whole or in part, of a different material from the rest of the dress. If so, it should be made of a lighter fabric. Thus, with a velvet or fine-faced cloth dress, one may have a bouffante puff of lace, or embroidered net, supported upon a firm silk foundation, which, though not visible, holds out well the puff of soft material. This is probably set at a lower end into a band of the velvet or cloth, and that band is either embroidered or covered with the lace or galon used elsewhere for trimming the frock. Straps of the velvet may, perhaps, be carried over the lace or net-puff from the shoulder to the band that ends the sleeve.

Many a housewife can tell of the trouble she is caused through an old-fashioned cooking-range, and if a really good up-to-date make is required the most advisable thing to do is to write to the Wilson Engineering Company, of 259, High Holborn, London, who will forward a newly issued catalogue of their excellent ranges, for which they have been awarded no fewer than thirty-five gold and other medals. A great speciality of this firm is the "Wilson" patent portable cooking-range, which needs no building in, and can be set at the most convenient part of the kitchen. Being constructed practically to burn their own smoke, only a faint trace of soot is deposited. Ranges of all sizes and capacities are made by the Wilson Engineering Company.

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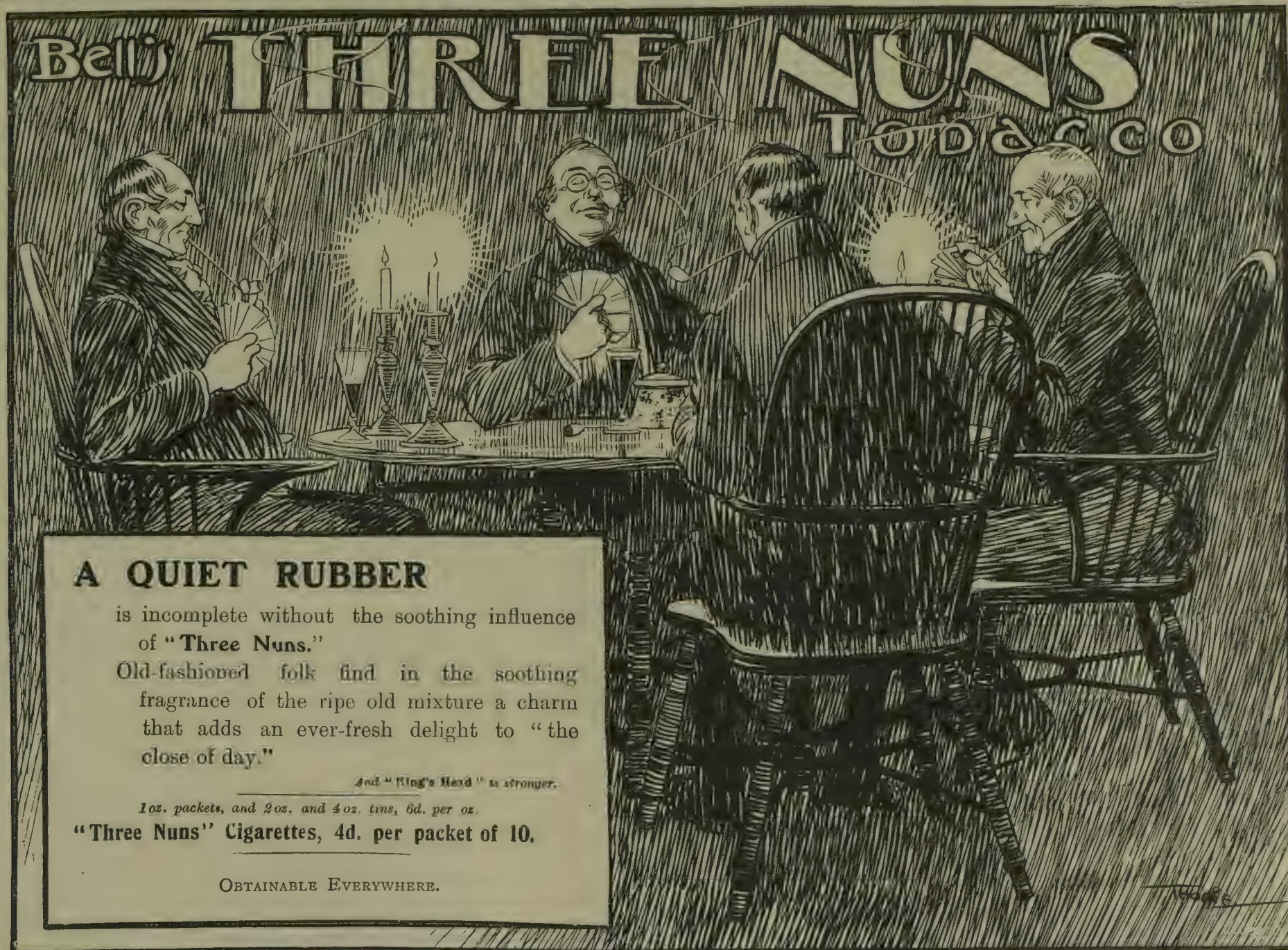
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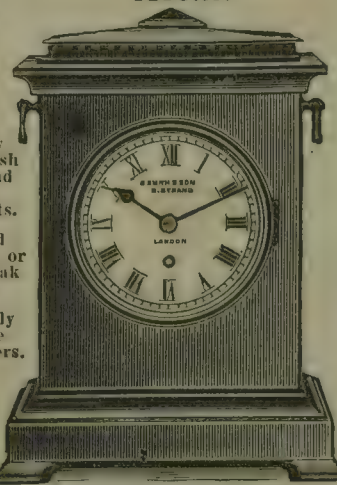
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE Bishop of London appeared to be in the best of health and spirits when he officiated and preached at the institution and induction of the Rev. W. F. G. Sandwith as Rector of the church of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, West Smithfield, on Jan. 20. The famous

congregation, and intended as a silver-wedding gift to Mrs. Chavasse, was presented to her last week. It shows the Bishop wearing his robes and seated beside a writing-table. The artist is Mr. J. V. R. Parsons.

Owing to sudden illness, the Bishop of Kingston was unable to preach at the fourth annual parade of L.C.C. tramway men at St. Mark's, Kennington, last week, but

said, was worthy of his hire, and the laity should remember that it was not only their duty to reap what was sown, but also to sow for others to reap. In order to relieve the poverty of the clergy, some people advocated the combining of small parishes, but Dr. Ridgway pointed out that there was local opposition to this, as the majority of parishioners



Photo, Pictorial Agency.
MR. WHITELEY AND THE OLD CROSS-
ING SWEEPER NEAR HIS HOUSE.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.
THE HOME OF THE MURDERED "UNIVERSAL PROVIDER": MR WHITELEY'S
HOUSE IN PORCHESTER TERRACE, BAYSWATER.



Photo, Pictorial Agency.
IN THE STREET HE MADE PROSPEROUS:
MR. WHITELEY IN WESTPOURNE GROVE.

building was crowded to its utmost capacity with ticket-holders. A large crowd of people from distant parts of London, and even members of the church who were without tickets, had to be turned away. Mr. Sandwith read with the late Dean Vaughan for holy orders, and was formerly a curate at St. Margaret's, Westminster, under the late Dean Farrar.

The portrait of the Bishop of Liverpool, subscribed for by the past and present members of St. Luke's

he sent a very cordial message which was read by the Vicar, the Rev. Dr. Darlington. The Archbishop of Canterbury has become patron of the St. Mark's Tramway Brotherhood of England, and the Bishops of Exeter and Bath have become local patrons.

Dr. Ridgway, the Dean of Carlisle, preached at the annual festival of the Durham Diocesan Sons of the Clergy Society on Jan. 23, and made an urgent appeal for lay support. The clergyman, like the labourer, he

preferred a church of their own. Others thought that the celibacy of the clergy should become more general; but in this case many of the poorer parishes would lose their chief workers, in the shape of the clergymen's wives.

The Bishop of Wakefield, who recently returned from a holiday in Switzerland, has had £250 placed at his disposal by seven laymen in the diocese "as a token of their regard and esteem for the Bishop

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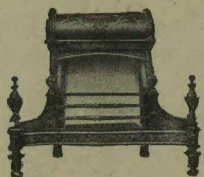
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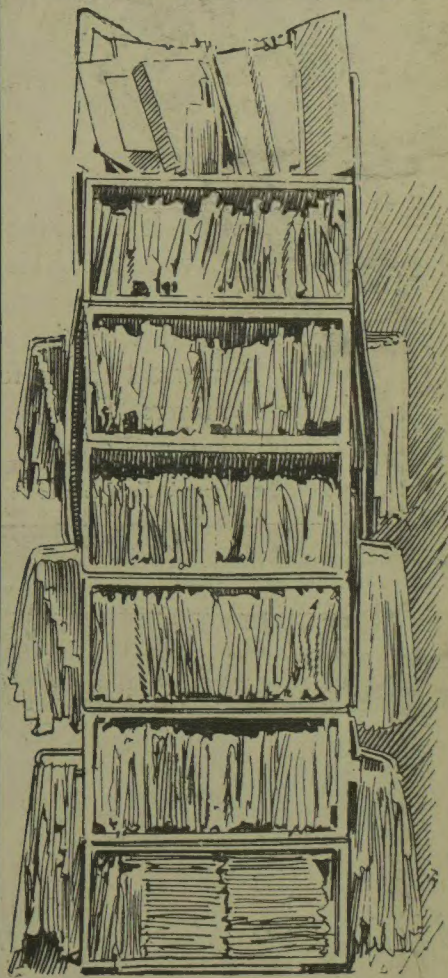
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himself, and in order to enable him to obtain assistance in the management and conduct of the see." This contribution is to be repeated yearly for five years. Dr. Eden hopes to secure some much-needed help in Lent at the Confirmation work, but he does not consider that the diocese needs a Suffragan Bishop.

One of Dr. John Watson's first engagements in America is to preach in Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York, the scene of the Rev. C. F. Aked's future ministry. "Ian Mac-laren" is not expected back in England until the beginning of September. V.

It is forty-four years since the Royal Agricultural Hall, which was built for the Smithfield Club Show, was opened at Islington. Its popularity and central situation quickly attracted the attention of other promoters of exhibitions, with the result that to-day it is the aim of almost every show society and trade association to secure, if possible, the Royal Agricultural Hall for its annual show. This year there have been more applications for exhibitions than could possibly be dealt with. In fact, in view of the increased demand for space in the Hall the company have just completed the purchase of some adjoining property, on which will be erected another large hall, with a glazed roof. The rumours that the Hall is to be sold are, of course, all without a shadow of foundation.

THE SERVIAN TRAGEDY.

THE circumstances which led up to the murder of King Alexander of Serbia and his consort have not hitherto been explained to Western Europe, but what

Cabinets," and Servian representative in London and at other Courts, the author is in a position to know all the facts, and his narrative bears the stamp of sincerity. He was a close friend of King Milan, but frankly admits that he was "never in full sympathy with King Alexander," whose arbitrary notions of government and personal caprices he laments. He does justice to Queen Nathalie, Alexander's mother, in her private capacity, while considering that her political influence was, on the whole, detrimental to Servia. As to Queen Draga, it is not easy to get from these pages a clear idea of her personality. M. Mijatovich defends her reputation from the slanders invented by her enemies, but naturally considers Alexander's marriage a grave blunder. The victims of the Belgrade tragedy were not very sympathetic figures, but a careful perusal of this book must leave the conviction that the horror felt throughout Western Europe cannot be mitigated by fuller examination of the facts. For cold-blooded treachery the Servian regicides are not easily surpassed, while the filthy brutality with which they carried out their plot cannot be paralleled. If they had been Mohammedans, instead of specimens of the Christian races of the Balkans who have long been sacrosanct in certain English circles, we should have heard far severer denunciation of their deed from the Radical Nonconformist keepers of



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seems to be an authoritative account is now given by M. Chedomille Mijatovich in "A Royal Tragedy" (Nash). As private secretary to King Milan, "many times Cabinet Minister in several of his Governments, and once the Minister in one of King Alexander's

they had been Mohammedans, instead of specimens of the Christian races of the Balkans who have long been sacrosanct in certain English circles, we should have heard far severer denunciation of their deed from the Radical Nonconformist keepers of

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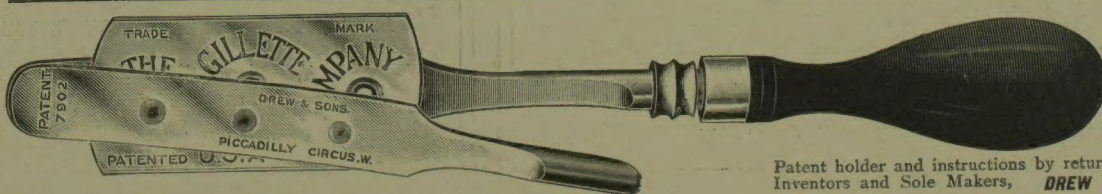
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our national conscience. It is not generally realised that a reign of terror was started by the regicides, who murdered many loyal officers in cold blood, and that only the threat of an immediate Austrian occupation saved Belgrade from being turned into a shambles. It is most noteworthy that M. Mijatovich does not mention the name of King Peter of Serbia. He prints as an appendix an apologia written by one of the regicides, and unkindly exposes various lies contained in it. The book, the work of a Serbian patriot labouring under a deep sense of sorrow at the disgrace which has come to his nation, gives a clear sketch of recent Serbian history, and explains the rivalry of the Obrenovich and the Kara-georgevich dynasties. The author is markedly anti-Russian in his views, and argues, with considerable show of reason, that the Russian Government and unofficial Russian Pan Slavist agencies have been responsible for almost all the untoward events in Serbia. He suggests that whenever things were going against the interests of Russia, and official action was impossible, unauthorised Russian agents stepped in, and by means which no Government would have sanctioned, did the work of Russia. Whether all this is more than conjecture we cannot say. But the book should be read not only as a striking record of a dynastic drama, but as giving an interesting account of international politics in the Near East.

Last Sunday Princess Henry of Battenberg was present at the Bechstein Hall, where the Concert Club reopened for the third season. The Marquis of Villalobar received the Princess, who, with Miss Bulteel in attendance, was conducted by Mr. W. J. K. Pearson to a seat in the front of the hall. There was a very large attendance of members.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated March 17, 1903) of MR. GEORGE ROBSON BREWIS, of Ellesmere, East Granville Road, Newcastle, who died on Oct. 4, has been proved by William Parker Brewis and Alfred John Malcolm Brewis, the sons, the value of the property being sworn at £152,346. The testator gives his business of Gray and Co., railway advertising contractors, to his son William; £12 a month to his son Robert; and £1000, the household furniture, and the income from the remainder of his property to his wife, Mrs. Maria Ann Brewis. On her decease he gives his residence Ellesmere and £5000, in trust, for his grandson, Alfred Percy; £5000 each to his grandchildren, Ronald Stanley, Norman Hugh, and Mabel; and the ultimate residue to his two sons, William Parker and Alfred John Malcolm.

The will (dated Aug. 17, 1894), with a codicil, of the REV. JOHN WARREN NAPIER-CLAVERING, of Axwell Park, Durham, who died on June 6, has been proved by his sons, Colonel Charles Warren Napier-Clavering, Francis Napier-Clavering, and the Rev. Henry Percy Napier-Clavering, the value of the unsettled property being £42,257. Subject to a few small legacies, the testator leaves all his property to his younger sons.

The will (dated May 3, 1905) of MR. WILLIAM BASHALL PARK, of Ollerton Hall, Withnell, Lancashire, who died on Nov. 27, was proved on Jan. 12 by Herbert Thomas Park and Alfred Ernest Park, the nephews, the value of the estate amounting to £331,654. The testator gives £10,000 each to the United Methodist Free Church Home and Foreign Mission, the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and the British and Foreign Bible Society; £5000 each to Dr. Barnardo's Homes and the Withnell Contagious Disease Hospital; £2000 each to the Manchester and Salford Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society,

the Blackburn Orphanage, and the Religious Tract Society; £20,000 each to his nieces, Mrs. Aitken, Mary Haslam, Ellen Guttridge, and Edith Annie Hore; £20,000 to his nephew John Park Haslam; £10,000 each to many great nephews and nieces; and £8000 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves for such charitable and philanthropic objects as his executors may select.

The following are other important wills now proved—
Mr. Francis G. S. de Wesselow, 11, Grosvenor Mansions, Victoria Street . . . £73,482
Mr. John David Kohler, Barton Lodge, Windsor Forest . . . £56,281
Mr. Aubrey Hillman, Saxonbury, Lewes . . . £50,401

Mr. Frederic Lamond's Beethoven recital at the Bechstein Hall proved the interpreter's understanding of the master's work, and at the same time betrayed now and then the defect of the performer's nationality. His readings are always learned, and, when he has the cue from Beethoven, impassioned, but there are moments when his restraint is sheer loss. No one will imagine that he fails in feeling, but he hesitates sometimes to show that he feels, as in his opening of the "Sonata Pathétique." But with this failing, his playing was masterly, and in the fugal final of the "Hammerclavier" Sonata, overwhelming. The best proof of his power is that after a recital lasting two hours and a half he left no impression of monotony.

Messrs. Scrubb and Co., Limited, have received a cable from New York saying that their extensive works there have been destroyed by fire; but this will not interfere in the least with the continuation of their American business, as they have already taken temporary premises, and will execute all orders as usual.

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